

THE  
TRIUMPHS  
OF  
*BACCHUS:*  
OR, THE  
Delights of the Bottle.

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L O N D O N:  
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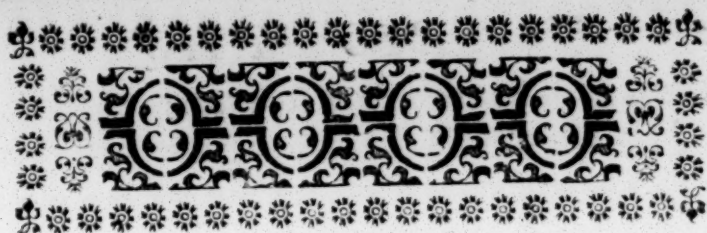
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THE



T H E  
T R I U M P H S  
O F  
B A C C H U S.

---

S O N G I.



LISTEN all, I pray,  
To the Words I've to say,  
In Memory sure insert 'em;  
Rich Wines do us raise  
To the Honour of Bays:  
*Quem non secere disertum?*

Of all the brisk Juice  
Which the Gods do produce,

B

Claret

2      *The TRIUMPHS*

Claret shall be preferr'd before 'em;

'Tis Claret shall strait

Us Mortals create

*Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*

We abandon all Ale,

And Beer that is stale,

*Rosa-solis* and damnable *Hum*:

But sparkling Red

Shall raise up its Head

'Bove *omne quod exit in um.*

This is the Wine,

Which in former Time

Each wise one of the *Magi*

Was wont to carouse

In a Chaplet of Boughs,

*Recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

Let the Hop be their Bane,

Let the Rope be their Shame,

Let the Gout and Cholick pine 'em,

That offer to shrink

In taking their Drink,

*Sen Græcum, sive Latinum.*

Let the Glass fly about

'Till the Bottle is out,

Let each one do as he's done to;

'Vaunt.



'Vaunt those that hug  
Th' abominable Jug,  
'Mong us *heteroclita sunt*.

There's no such Disease  
As he that doth please  
His Palate with Beer for to shame us ;  
'Tis Claret that brings  
To Fancy its Wings,  
And says, *Musa, majora canamus*.

He's either a Mute,  
Or does poorly dispute,  
That drinketh not Wine as we Men do,  
The more Wine a Man drinks,  
Like a subtle *Sphinx*,  
*Tantum valet iste loquendo*.

How it chears the Brains,  
How it warms the Veins,  
How against all Crosses it arms us ;  
How it makes him that's poor  
Couragiously roar,  
*Et mutatas dicere formas*.

Give me the Boy,  
My Delight and my Joy,  
To my *Tantum* that drinks his *Tale*;

4      *The TRIUMPHS*

By Wine he that waxes,  
In our *Syntaxis*,  
*Est Verbum Personale.*

Art thou weak or lame,  
Or thy Wits to blame?  
Call for Wine, and thou shalt have it;  
'Twill make thee rise,  
And be very wise,  
*Cui vim natura negavit.*

We have frolick Rounds,  
We have merry Go-downs,  
Yet nothing is done at random;  
For when we're to pay,  
We club and away,  
*Id est commune notandum.*

No Vintners deny  
The Lads that are dry,  
But give 'em Wine, whate'er it cost 'em;  
If they do not pay  
Till another Day,  
*Manet alta mente repostum.*

Who ne'er fails to drink  
All clear from the Brink,  
With a smooth and even Swallow,

of BACCHUS.

5

I'll offer at's Shrine,  
And call it divine,  
*Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.*

He that drinks still,  
And ne'er has his Fill,  
Has a Passage like a Conduit:  
Brisk Wine does inspire  
With Raptures and Fire,  
*Sic æther æthera fundit.*

When we merrily quaff,  
If any go off,  
And sily offer to pass ye.  
Give their Nose a Twitch,  
And kick 'em i'th' Britch,  
*Nam componuntur ab asse.*

I have told ye plain,  
And will tell ye again,  
Be he furious as *Orlando*,  
He is an Ass  
That from hence doth pass,  
*Nisi bibit ad ostia stando.*

SONG

6      *The TRIUMPHS*

S O N G   I I.

RING, ring the Bar-bell of the World,  
Great *Bacchus* calls for Wine,  
Haste, pierce the Globe, its Juices drein,  
To whet him e'er he dine.

Have you not heard the Bottle cluck,  
When first you've poured forth?  
The Globe shall cluck, as soon as tapp'd,  
To brood such Sons of Worth.

When this World's out more Worlds we'll have,  
Who dare oppose the Call?  
If we had twice ten thousand Worlds,  
E'er Night we'd drink them all.

See, see our Drawer *Atlas* comes,  
His Cask upon his Back;  
Haste! drink and swill, let's booze amain,  
'Till all our Girdles crack.

*Apollo* cry'd, let's drink amain,  
Lest *Time* should go astray;  
We'll make *Time* drunk, the rest reply'd,  
We Gods can make a Day.

Brave *Hercules*, who took the Hint,  
Required *Time* to drink,

And

And made him gorge such Potions down,  
That *Time* forgot to think.

Unthinking *Time* thus overcome,  
And nonpluss'd in the Vast,  
Dissolv'd in the Ætherial World,  
Sigh'd, languish'd, groan'd his last.

Now *Time*'s no more, let's drink away;  
Hang flinching, make no Words;  
Like true born *Bacchanalian* Souls,  
We'll get as drunk as Lords.

---

S O N G   I I I .

**D**I O G E N E S, surly and proud,  
Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,  
Delighted in Wine that was good,  
Because in good Wine there is Truth  
But growing as poor as was *Job*,  
And unable to purchase a Flask,  
He chose for his Mansion a Tub,  
And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.

*Heraclitus* ne'er would deny  
To tipple and cherish his Heart,  
And when he was maudling, he'd cry,  
Because he had empty'd his Quart:

Tho'

8      *The TRIUMPHS*

Tho' some are so foolish to think,  
He wept at Mens Follies and Vice,  
When 'twas only his Custom to drink,  
Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

*Democritus* always was glad  
Of a Bumper to chear up his Soul,  
And wou'd laugh like a Man that was mad,  
When over a full flowing Bowl:  
As long as his Cellar was stor'd,  
The Liquor he'd merrily quaff,  
And when he was drunk as a Lord,  
At those that were sober he'd laugh.

*Copernicus* too like the rest,  
Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,  
And thought that a Cup of the best  
Made Reason the brighter to shine:  
With Wine he replenish'd his Veins,  
And made his Philosophy reel,  
Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,  
Turn'd round like a Chariot-Wheel.

*Aristotle*, that Master of Arts,  
Had been but a Dunce without Wine,  
And what we ascribe to his Parts,  
Is due to the Juice of the Vine:

His



His Belly, most Authors agree,  
Was big as a Watering Trough,  
He therefore leap'd into the Sea,  
Because he'd have Liquor enough.

Old *Plato*, that learned Divine,  
He fondly to Wisdom was prone;  
But had it not been for good Wine,  
His Merit we ne'er should have known:  
By Wine we are generous made,  
It furnishes fancy with Wings,  
Without it we ne'er should have had  
Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

S O N G   I V .

**W**ould you know how we meet o'er our  
jolly full Bowls?  
As we mingle our Liquors, we mingle our  
Souls:  
The sweet melts the sharp, the kind smooths  
the strong,  
And nothing but Friendship grows all the Night  
long:  
We drink, laugh, and celebrate ev'ry Desire;  
Love only remains our unquenchable Fire.

10     *The* **TRIUMPHS**

**S O N G   V.**

**W**Hilst I'm carrousing to cheer up my Soul,  
O! how I triumph to see a full Bowl!  
This is the Treasure,  
The only Pleasure,  
The Blessing that makes me rejoice and sing.  
Thus while I'm drinking,  
Free from dull thinking,  
Then am I greater than the greatest King.

---

**S O N G   VI.**

**B**Low, blow, *Boreas*, blow, and let thy  
furlly Winds  
Make the Billows foam and roar;  
Thou canst no Terror breed in valiant Minds,  
But spite of thee we'll live and find a Shore.  
Then cheer up, my Heart, and be not aw'd,  
But keep the Gun-room clear;  
Tho' Hell's broke loose, and the Devils roar  
abroad,  
Whilst we have Sea-room here, Boys, never  
fear.

Hey! how she tosses up, how far!  
The mounting Top-mast touch'd a Star;

The

## of BACCHUS.

II

The Meteors blaz'd as thro' the the Clouds we  
came;

And, *Salamander-like*, we live in Flame.

But now, now we sink, now, now we go  
Down to the deepest Shades below:

Alas! alas! where are we now?

Who, who can tell!

Sure 'tis the lowest Room of Hell,

Or where the Sea-gods dwell;

With them we'll live, with them we'll live and  
reign,

With them we'll laugh, and sing, and drink  
amain,

But see we mount, see, see, we rise again.

## CHORUS.

*Tho' Flashes of Lightning, and Tempests of Rain,  
Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the Main;*

*Tho' the Captain does swear, instead of a Prayer,  
And the Sea is all Fire by the Demons of th' Air,*

*We'll drink and defy,*

*We'll drink and defy*

*The mad Spirits that fly*

*From the Deep to the Sky,*

*And sing whilst loud Thunder, and sing whilst  
loud Thunder does bellow;*

12      *The TRIUMPHS*

*For Fate still will have  
A kind Fate for the brave,  
And ne'er make his Grave  
Of a salt Water Wave,  
To drown, to drown, no never to drown a good  
Fellow.*

---

S O N G   VII.

**L** Eave off this idle Prating,  
Talk no more of *Whig* and *Tory*,  
But fill your Glafs,  
Round let it pass,  
The Bottle stands before ye.  
Fill it up to the top  
Let this Night with Mirth be crown'd,  
Drink about,  
See it out,  
Love and Friendship still go round.  
We gain both Life and Pleasure  
By Love and hearty drinking;  
While Statesmen plod,  
And wink and nod,  
To kill themselves with thinking.  
*Fill it, &c.*

If

If any are so zealous,  
To be a Party's Minion,  
Let 'em drink like me,  
They'll soon agree,  
And be of one Opinion.

*Fill it, &c.*

If Claret be a Blessing,  
This Night devote to Pleasure,  
Let State Affairs,  
And worldly Cares,  
Attend us at more Leisure.

*Fill it, &c.*

S O N G V I I I.

LET's be jovial, fill our Glasses,  
Madness 'tis for us to think  
How the World is rul'd by Asses,  
And the wise are sway'd by Chink.  
Then never let vain Cares oppress us,  
Riches are to them a Snare ;  
We're ev'ry one as rich as *Cræsus*,  
While our Bottle drowns our Care.  
Wine will make us red as Roses,  
And our Sorrows quite forget ;

Come

14     *The TRIUMPHS*

Come let's fuddle all our Noses,  
Drink our selves quite out of Debt.

When grim Death comes looking for us,  
We are toping off our Bowls,  
*Bacchus* joining in the Chorus,  
*Death, begone, here's none but Souls.*

God-like *Bacchus* thus commanding,  
Trembling Death away shall fly,  
Ever after understanding,  
Drinking Souls can never die.

---

S O N G   I X.

Since the Day of poor Man,  
That little, little Span,  
Tho' long it can't last,  
For the future and past  
Is spent with Remorse and Despair:  
With such a full Glass  
Let that of Life pass,  
'Tis made up of Trouble,  
A Storm, tho' a Bubble,  
There's no Bliss like forgetting our Care.

Why



Why all this Whining,  
 Why all this Pining,  
 Love is a Folly, and Beauty is vain :  
 Nothing so common  
 As Wealth and Woman,  
 To raise the Vapours, and so dull the Brain.

To him that's merry,  
 That's frolick and airy,  
 Nothing is grievous, nor nothing is sad :  
 Then rouse up thy Spirit,  
 And take off thy Claret,  
 In one smiling Bumper a Cure's to be had.

If *Chloe* fly thee,  
 And still deny thee,  
 Never look sneaking, nor never repine :  
 If 'tis her Fashion,  
 To flight your Passion,  
 Then seem most easy, and deny her thine.

Yet sily wooe her,  
 And closely pursue her,  
 Or she'll prove a Tyrant, and laugh you to scorn :  
 When she seems waspish,  
 Coquettish and prudish,  
 Then give her her Humour, and let her be gone.

When

16     *The* **TRIUMPHS**

When next you meet her,  
 Again intreat her,  
 And if you find still she'll make you her Tool:  
 Ne'er let it vex ye,  
 Or once perplex ye,  
 She'll soon repent it, and find who's the Fool.

Then to requite her,  
 Despise her, and slight her,  
 And what you commended, as much discom-  
 But if Love grieve thee,                    [mend;  
 And will not leave thee,  
 Then e'en love thy self first, and next love thy  
 Friend.

S O N G   X.

**S**Hould I die by the Force of good Wine,  
 'Tis my Will when I fall, that a Tun be  
 And for the Age to come,                    [my Shrine,  
 Engrave this Story on my Tomb.

*Here lies a Body once so brave,  
 Who with drinking made his Grave.*

Since thus to die will purchase Fame,  
 And raise an everlasting Name,  
 Drink away, drink away, drink, &c.  
 And dare to be nobly interr'd,

Let

Let Misers and Slaves  
Sneak into their Graves,  
And rot in a dirty Church Yard.

---

S O N G X I.

**A**S tippling *John* was jogging on,  
Upon the Riot Night;  
With tottering Pace and fiery Face,  
Suspicious of high Flight:  
The Guards who took him by his Look,  
For some chief Firebrand,  
Ask'd whence he came, what was his Name,  
Who are you? stand, Friend, stand!  
I'm going home, from Meeting come:  
Ay, says one, that's the Case,  
Some Meeting he has burnt, you see,  
The Flame's still in his Face.  
*John* thought 'twas time to purge his Crime,  
And said, my chief Intent  
Was to assuage my thirsty Rage,  
I'th' Meeting that I meant.  
Come, Friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,  
Says one, pray let us know,  
That we may find how you're inclin'd,  
Are you High Church or Low?

D

*John*

18      *The TRIUMPHS*

*John* said to that, I'll tell you what,  
To end Debates and Strife,  
All I can say, this is the Way  
I steer my Course of Life.

I ne'er to *Bow*, nor *Burgess* go,  
To Steeple-house nor Hall;  
The brisk Bar-bell best suits my Zeal,  
With, *Gentlemen*, d'ye call?  
Guess then, am I Low Church or High,  
From that Tow'r or no Steeple,  
Whose merry Toll exalts the Soul,  
And must make high-flown People.

The Guards came on, and look'd at *John*,  
With Countenance most pleasant :  
By Whisper round they all soon found,  
He was no damag'd Peasant :  
Thus while *John* stood, the best he cou'd,  
Expecting their Decision ;  
Damn him, says one, let him be gone,  
He's of our own Religion.

S O N G   XII.

**H**ere's to thee, my Boy,  
My Darling, my Joy,  
For a Toper I love as my Life;

Who

Who ne'er bau'ks his Glafs,  
 Nor cries like an Afs,  
 To go home to his Mistress or Wife.  
 But heartily quaffs,  
 Sings Catches and laughs,  
 All the Night he looks jovial and gay;  
 When Morning appears,  
 Then homeward he fleers,  
 To snore out the rest of the Day.  
 He feels not the Cares,  
 The Griefs, or the Fears,  
 That the sober too often attend;  
 Nor knows he a Loss,  
 Disturbance, or Cross,  
 Save the want of his Bottle and Friend.

---

S O N G XIII.

C Ome all ye jolly *Bacchanals*,  
 That love to tope good Wine;  
 Let us offer up a Hog'shead  
 Unto our Master's Shrine.  
 Then let us drink, and never shrink,  
 For I'll tell you the Reason why;

20      *The TRIUMPHS*

'Tis a great Sin to leave a House,  
'Till we've drank the Cellar dry.

In Time of old I was a Fool,  
I drank the Water clear;  
But *Bacchus* took me from that Rule,  
He thought 'twas too severe.

He fill'd a Goblet to the Brim,  
And bade me take a Sup;  
But had it been a Gallon Pot,  
By *Jove*, I'd tofs'd it up.

And ever since that happy Time,  
Good Wine has been my Chear;  
Now nothing puts me in a Swoon,  
But Water or small Beer.

Then let us tope about, my Boys,  
And never flinch nor fly,  
But fill our Skins brim full of Wine,  
And drain the Bottles dry.

S O N G   X I V .

**T**His great World is a Trouble,  
Where all must their Fortune bear,  
Make the most of the Bubble,  
While we continue here.

Then



Then be merry and easy,  
 Think of nought but to please ye,  
 What's past is but in vain,  
 For Mortals to call again.

When dull Cares do attack ye,  
 Drinking will those Clouds repel,  
 Four good Bottles will make ye  
 Happy, they seldom fail:  
 If a Fifth should be wanted,  
 Do but call, 'twill be granted,  
 Thus you'll easily obtain  
 A Remedy for all your Pain.

---

S O N G X V.

**B***acchus* God of mortal Pleasure,  
 Ever give me thy dear Treasure,  
 How I long for t'other Quart.  
 Drowsy Waiter, since 'tis no later,  
 Why should good Companions part?

He that's willing, whip a Shilling,  
 Follow this Example round.  
 If you'd wear a lib'ral Spirit,  
 Put about the gen'rous Claret,  
 After Death no Drinking's found.

S O N G

22      *The TRIUMPHS*

S O N G   X V I.

P'R'ythee fill me the Glas,  
     'Till it laughs in my Face,  
 With Ale that is potent and mellow :  
     He that whines for a Laff,  
     Is an ignorant Afs,  
 For a Bumper has not its Fellow.

---

S O N G   X V I I.

E V'ry Man take a Glas in his Hand,  
     And drank a good Health to our King ;  
 Many Years may he rule o'er this Land,  
     May his Laurels for ever fresh spring ;  
 Let Wrangling and Jangling straitway cease,  
 Let ev'ry Man strive for his Country's Peace ;  
     Neither *Tory* nor *Whigg*  
     With their Parties look big ;  
 Here's a Health to all honest Men.  
  
 'Tis not owning a whimsical Name  
     That proves a Man loyal and just ;  
 Let him fight for his County's Fame,  
     Be impartial at home, if in Trust :  
 'Tis this that proves him an honest Soul,  
 His Health we will drink in a brim-full Bowl.

Then

of BACCHUS.

23.

Then leave off all Debate,  
No Confusion create;  
Here's a Health to all honest Men.

When a Company's honestly met,  
With Intent to be merry and gay,  
Their drooping Souls for to whet,  
And drown the Fatigues of the Day;  
What Madness it is thus to dispute,  
When neither Side can his Man confute:  
When you've said what you dare,  
You're but just where you were;  
Here's a Health to all honest Men.

Then agree, rash *Britons*, agree,  
And ne'er quarrel about a Nick-Name;  
Let our Enemies trembling see  
That an *Englishman's* always the same:  
For our King, our Church, our Laws, and  
Right,  
Let's lay by all Feuds, and strait unite;  
Then who need care a Fig  
Who's *Tory* or *Whigg*?  
Here's a Health to all honest Men.

S O N G

## SONG XVIII.

WE'll drink and we'll never have done, Boys,  
 Put the Glafs then around with the Sun,  
 Let *Apollo's* Example invite us; [Boys,  
 For he's drunk ev'ry Night,  
 And that makes him fo bright,  
 That he's able next Morning to light us.

---

## SONG XIX.

IF any fo wife is,  
 That Sack he despises,  
 Let him drink his small Beer and be sober;  
 Whilst we drink Wine and sing,  
 As if it were Spring,  
 He shall droop like the Trees in *October*.  
 But be sure over Night,  
 If this Dog do you bite,  
 You take it henceforth for a Warning,  
 Soon as out of your Bed,  
 To fettle your Head,  
 Take a Hair of his Tail in the Morning.  
 And be not fo silly,  
 To follow old *Lilly*,  
 For there's nothing but Wine that can tune us,  
 Let

Let his *ne affuescas*  
Be put in his Cap-case,  
And sing *bibito vinum jejunus*.

---

S O N G    X X.

**A** Pox of this fooling, and plotting of late,  
What a Pother and Stir has it kept in the  
State?

Let the Rabble run mad with Suspicions and  
Fears,

Let them scuffle and jar, till they go by the Ears:  
Their Grievances never shall trouble my Pate,  
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

What Coxcombs were those who would bar-  
ter their Ease,

And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and  
Mafs?

At old *Tyburn* they never had needed to swing,  
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink and  
their King:

A Friend and a Bottle is all my Design;  
He has no Room for Treason, that's top-full  
of Wine.

I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws,  
Let them sit or prorogue, as his Majesty please:

E

Let

26      *The TRIUMPHS*

Let them damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine  
At my Lodging when dead, so alive I have  
Wine.

Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear  
To curse them for making my Claret so dear.

I mind not grave Asses, who idly debate  
About Right and Succession, the Trifles of State.  
We've a good King already, and he deserves  
Laughter,

That will trouble His Head with who shall  
come after : (be

Come here's to his Health, and I wish he may  
As free from all Care and all Trouble as we.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollanders*  
go ? (d'*Avaux* ?

Or Intrigues betwixt *Sydney* and Monsieur  
What concerns it my Drinking, if *Casel* be  
fold,

If the Conqueror take it by Storm, or by Gold ?  
Good *Bourdeaux* alone is the Place that I mind,  
And when the Fleet's coming I pray for a Wind.

The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown,  
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his  
own,

Let



Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matches  
and treat,

To afford the Newsmongers and Coffee-house  
Chat :

He's but a brave Wretch, while I am more free,  
More safe, and a thousand times happier than he.

Come he, or the Pope, or the Devil to boot,  
Or come Faggot and Stake, I care not a Groat ;  
Ne'er think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will heat,  
No, I swear, Mr. *Fox*, pray excuse me for that.  
I'll drink in Defiance of Gibbet and Halter ;  
This is the Profession that never will alter.

---

S O N G XXI.

YOUNG *Bacchus*, when merry bestriding his  
Proclaimed a neighbourly Feast ; (Tun,  
The first that appear'd was a Man of the Gown,  
A jolly parochial Priest ;  
He fill'd up his Bowl, drank a Health to the  
Preferring it to the King, (Church,  
Altho' he long since had left both in the Lurch,  
Yet he canted like any thing.

The next was a talkative Blade (whom we call,  
A Doctor of the Civil Law)  
He guzzl'd and drank up the Devil and all,  
As fast as the Drawer could draw ;

28      *The TRIUMPHS*

But a Health to all Nobles he stily deny'd,  
     Tho' lustily he could swill,  
 Because, still the faster the Quality dy'd,  
     It brought the more Grist to his Mill.

The next a Physician to Ladies and Lords,  
     Who eases all Sickness and Pain, (Words,  
 And conjures Distempers away with hard  
     Which he knows is the Head of his Gain;  
 He stept from his Coach, fill'd his Cup to the  
     And quaffing did freely agree,      (Brim,  
 That *Bacchus*, who gave us such Cordial to  
     Was a better Physician than he.      (drink,

The next was a Justice who never read Law,  
     With twenty Informers behind,  
 On free-cost he tippl'd, and still bid them draw,  
     Till his Worship had drank himself blind;  
 Then reeling away, they rambl'd in Quest  
     Of Drunkards and Jilts of the Town,  
 That they might be punish'd, to frighten the rest,  
     Except they would drop him a Crown.

The fifth was a tricking Attorney at Law,  
     By Tallymen chiefly employ'd,      (draw,  
 Who lengthen'd his Bill with *co-hy* and *maw-*  
     And a thousand such *Items* beside;

The

The Healths that he drank were to *Westminster-Hall*,

And to all the grave Dons of the Gown;  
*Rependam in Petro, durendum in Paul*,  
Such *Latin* sure never was known.

The last that appear'd was a Soldier in Red,  
With his Hair doubl'd under his Hat,  
Who was by his Trade a fine Gentleman made,  
Tho' as hungry and poor as a Rat;  
He swore by his God, tho' he liv'd by his King,  
Or the Help of some impudent Punk,  
That he would not depart, till he made the  
Butt sing,  
And himself most confoundedly drunk.

S O N G XXII.

SHE tells me with Claret she cannot agree,  
And she thinks of a Hoghead whene'er she  
sees me;

For I smell like a Beast, and therefore must I  
Resolve to forsake her, or Claret deny:  
Must I leave my dear Bottle, that was always my  
Friend,

And I hope will continue so to my Life's End?

Must

30      *The TRIUMPHS*

Must I leave it for her, 'tis a very hard Task;  
Let her go to the Devil, bring t'other full  
Flask.

Had she tax'd me with Gaming, and bid me  
forbear,  
'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an Ear;  
Had she found out my *Cloris* up three Pair of  
Stairs, (Pray'rs;  
I had baulk'd her, and gone to St. *James's* to  
Had she bade me read *Homilies* three times a-day,  
She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to  
say;  
But at Night to deny me my Flask of dear Red,  
Let her go to the Devil, there's no more to be  
said.

---

S O N G   XXIII.

**F**Are ye well all amorous Troubles,  
I'm resolv'd to shake off *Cupid*;  
I'll no more prize  
*Belinda's* Eyes,  
Those Charms that made me stupid.  
Love, depart  
From my Heart,  
And release my free-born Soul;

Liberty,

*of* BACCHUS.

13

Liberty,  
Liberty,  
Liberty's in a flowing Bowl.

Love will make the wise Man foolish,  
And will rob the strong of Vigour;  
But he grows bright,  
And strong to fight,  
Who drinks the sparkling Liquor.  
Love, &c.

See the whining Lover, *Solus*,  
To the Woods and Rivers sighing,  
While I among  
A jovial Throng  
Life's Blessings am enjoying.  
Love, &c.

Then fill up a gen'rous Bumper,  
That will blithe and merry make us,  
Let Lovers spy  
Love's in an Eye,  
Each Glass shews us a *Bacchus*.  
Love, &c.

S O N G

## S O N G XXIV.

**W**ine, Wine in the Morning  
 Makes us frolick and gay,  
 That like Eagles we soar  
 In the Pride of the Day;  
 Gouty Sots of the Night  
 Only find a Decay.  
 'Tis the Sun ripens the Grape,  
 And to Drinking gives Light;  
 We imitate him,  
 When by Noon we're at Height;  
 They steal Wine, who take it  
 When he's out of Sight.  
 Boy, fill all the Glasses,  
 Fill them up now he shines,  
 The higher he rises,  
 The more he refines;  
 For Wine and Wit fall  
 As their Maker declines.

---

## S O N G XXV.

**C**onfound those dull Fools,  
 Who for Coffee or Tea,  
 Do fly the Delights  
 Of true *Burgundy*.



Hot Water can never  
Dull Humours expel;  
For our Parts, Boys, let's  
Away to the *Bell*.

To our Mistresses Healths  
Let us take off our Glasses,  
And laugh at those tea-drinking  
Politick Asses.

S O N G XXVI.

MY Friend and I we drank whole Piss-pots  
Full of Sack up to the Brim:  
I drank to my Friend, and he drank his Pot,  
So we put about the *Whim*.  
Three Bottles and a Quart  
We swallow'd down our Throat,  
(But hang such puny Sips as these)  
We laid us all along,  
With our Mouths unto the Bung,  
And tipp'd whole Hogheads off with Ease.  
I heard of a Fop that drank whole Tankards,  
Stil'd himself the Prince of Sots:  
But I say now, hang such silly Drunkards,  
Melt their Flaggons, break their Pots.

F

My

34      *The TRIUMPHS*

My Friend and I did join  
 For a Cellar full of Wine,  
 And we drank the Vintner out of Door;  
 We drank it all up  
 In a Morning, at a Sup,  
 And greedily rov'd about for more.  
 My Friend to me did make this Motion,  
 Let us to the Vintage skip,  
 Then we imbark'd upon the Ocean,  
 Where we found a *Spanish* Ship,  
 Deeply laden with Wine  
 That was superfine,  
 The Sailors swore Five Hundred Tun;  
 We drank it all at Sea,  
 E'er we came unto the Key,  
 And the Merchant swore he was quite undone.  
 My Friend not having quench'd his Thirst,  
 Said, let's to the Vineyards haste:  
 Straight then we sail'd to the *Canaries*,  
 Which afforded just a Taste;  
 From thence unto the *Rhine*,  
 Where we drank up all the Wine,  
 Till *Bacchus* cry'd, hold, ye Sots, or you die:  
 And swore he never found  
 In his universal Round,  
 Such thirsty Souls as my Friend and I.

Out,

Out, fie! cries one, what a Beast he makes him,  
 He can neither stand nor go:  
 Out, you Beast, you, you're mistaken,  
 Whene'er knew you a Beast drink so?  
 'Tis when we drink the least,  
 That we drink most like a Beast;  
 But when we carouse it Six in Hand,  
 'Tis then, and only then,  
 That we drink the most like Men,  
 When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

---

S O N G XXVII.

LET Soldiers fight for Prey or Praise,  
 And Money be the Miser's Wish;  
 Poor Scholars study all their Days,  
 And Gluttons glory in their Dish:  
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine revives sad Souls;*  
*Therefore fill us the chearing Bowls.*

Let Minions marshal ev'ry Hair,  
 And in a Lover's Lock delight,  
 And artificial Colours wear;  
 Pure Wine is Native Red and White:  
*'Tis Wine, &c.*

36      *The* **TRIUMPHS**

The backward Spirit it makes brave,  
 That lively which before was dull;  
 Opens the Heart that loves to save,  
 And Kindness flows from Cups brim-full:  
*'Tis Wine, &c.*

Some Men want Youth, and others Health,  
 Some want a Wife, and some a Punk,  
 Some Men want Wit, and others Wealth;  
 But they want nothing that are drunk:  
*'Tis Wine, &c.*

---

S O N G   XXVIII.

**T**HE Sages of old  
 In Prophecies told  
 The Cause of a Nation's Undoing;  
 But the true *English* Breed  
 No Prophecies need,  
 For each Man here seeks his own Ruin.

By grumbling and Jars  
 We promote civil Wars,  
 And preach up false Tenets to many;  
 We snarl and we bite,  
 We rail and we fight  
 For Religion, yet no Man has any.

Then

Then him let's commend,  
That's true to his Friend,  
And a Mifs that can wittily prattle;  
Who delights not in Blood,  
But draws when he shou'd,  
And bravely ne'er shrinks from the Battle.

Who rails not at Kings,  
Nor at politick things,  
Nor Treason does talk when he's mellow:  
But takes a full Glass  
To his Master's Success;  
This, this is the honest brave Fellow.

---

S O N G XXIX.

C Ome here's to the Nymph that I love,  
Away ye vain Sorrows away:  
Far, far from my Bosom be gone,  
All there shall be pleasant and gay.  
Far hence be the Sad and the Pensive;  
Come fill up the Glasses around,  
We'll drink till our Faces be ruddy,  
And all our vain Sorrows are drown'd.  
'Tis done, and my Fancy's exalting  
With every gay blooming Desire,

My

38      *The TRIUMPHS*

My Blood with brisk Ardour is glowing,  
Soft Pleasures my Bosom inspire.

My Soul now to Love is dissolving,  
Oh Fate! had I here my fair Charmer,  
I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,  
Of all her Disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold, what has Love to do here  
With his Troops of vain Cares in Array?  
Avaunt idle pensive Inruder——  
He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come give me a Bumper,  
Young *Cupid*, here's to thy Confusion—  
Now, now he's departing, he's vanquish'd,  
Adieu to his anxious Delusion.

Come, jolly God *Bacchus*, here's to thee:  
Huzza Boys, huzza Boys, huzza,  
Sing *Io*, sing *Io* to *Bacchus*——  
Hence all ye dull Thinkers withdraw.

Come, what should we do but be jovial?  
Come tune up your Voices and sing;  
What Soul is so dull to be heavy  
When Wine sets our Fancies on Wing?

Come, *Pegasus* lies in this Bottle,  
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,

Each



Each of us a gallant young *Perseus*,  
 Sublime we'll ascend to the Sky.

Come mount, or adieu, I arise,  
 In Seas of wide Æther I'm drown'd,  
 The Clouds far beneath me are sailing,  
 I see the Spheres whirling around.

What Darknefs, what Rattling is this,  
 Thro' *Chaos*' dark Regions I'm hurl'd,  
 And now,— Oh my Head it is knockt  
 Upon some confounded new World.

Now, now these dark Shades are retiring,  
 See yonder bright blazes a Star,  
 Where am I?— Behold the *Empyræum*,  
 With flaming Light streaming from far.

---

S O N G   X X X .

Y O u n g *Cupid* I find  
 To subdue me inclin'd,  
 But at length I a Stratagem found,  
 That will rid me of him,  
 For I'll drink to the Brim,  
 And unless he can swim,  
 He like other Puppies will drown.

## S O N G XXXI.

**B***Accbus* is a Power divine;  
 For he no sooner fills my Head  
 With mighty Wine,  
 But all my Cares resign,  
 And droop, and droop, and sink down dead.  
 Then, then the pleasing Thoughts begin,  
 And I in Riches flow,  
 At least I fancy so;  
 And without Thought of Want I sing,  
 Stretch'd on the Earth, my Head all around  
 With Flowers weav'd into a Garland, crown'd.  
 Then, then I begin to live,  
 And scorn what all the World can shew or  
 Let the brave Fools that fondly think [give.  
 Of Honour, and delight  
 To make a Noise, a Noise, and fight,  
 Go seek out War whilst I seek Peace,  
 Whilst I seek Peace, seek Peace, and Drink.  
 Whilst I seek Peace, seek Peace, and Drink;  
 Then fill my Glafs, fill fill it high;  
 Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die;  
 But when Bottles are rang'd,  
 Make War with me:  
 The fighting Fool shall see when I am sunk,  
 The Difference to lie dead, and lie dead drunk;  
*The fighting Fool, &c.*

S O N G

SONG XXXII.

WHen, lovely *Phillis*, thou art kind,  
Nought but Raptures fill my Mind;

'Tis then I think thee so divine,

T' excel the mighty Pow'r of Wine:

But when thou insultest, and laughst at my Pain,  
I wash thee away with sparkling *Champaign*;  
So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mo-  
ther,

And drive out one God by the Pow'r of another.

When Pity in thy Looks I see,

I frailly quit my Friends for thee;

Persuasive Love so charms me then,

My Freedom I'd not wish again:

But when thou art cruel, and heedst not my Care,  
Then straight with a Bumper I banish Despair;  
So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mo-  
ther,

And drive out one God by the Pow'r of another.



## S O N G XXXIII.

Here's a Health to the King, and a lasting  
Peace;

May Faction be damn'd, and Discord cease:

Come, let us drink it while we've Breath,

For there's no drinking after Death;

And he that won't with this comply,

*Down among the dead Men,*

*Down among the dead Men,*

*Down, down, down, down,*

*Down among the dead Men let him lie.*

Now a Health to the Queen, and may she long

Be our first fair Toast to grace our Song;

Off wi' your Hats, wi' your Knees on the

Take off your Bumpers all around; [Ground,

And he that will not drink this dry,

*Down among, &c.*

Let charming Beauties Healths go round,

In whom celestial Joys are found;

And may Confusion still pursue

The senseless Woman-hating Crew;

And he that will this Health deny,

*Down among, &c.*

Here's

Here's to Trade, and the Common-weal,  
And Patriots to their Country leal;  
But who for Bribes gives *Satan* his Soul,  
May he never laugh o'er a flowing Bowl;  
And all that with such Rogues comply,  
*Down among, &c.*

In smiling *Bacchus*' Joys I'll roll,  
Deny no Pleasure to my Soul;  
Let *Bacchus*' Health round swiftly move,  
For *Bacchus* is a Friend to Love;  
And he that doth this Health deny,  
*Down among, &c.*

---

S O N G XXXIV.

**H**E that will not merry merry be,  
With a generous Bowl and a Toast,  
May he in *Bridewell* be shut up,  
And-fast bound to a Post:  
*Let him be merry merry there,*  
*And we'll be merry merry here;*  
*For who can know where we shall go*  
*To be merry another Year?*

He that will not merry merry be,  
And take his Glafs in Course,



44      *The TRIUMPHS*

May he be oblig'd to drink small Beer,  
Ne'er a Penny in his Purse :

*Let him, &c.*

He that will not merry merry be  
With a Company of jolly Boys,  
May he be plagu'd with a scolding Wife,  
To confound him with her Noise :

*Let him, &c.*

He that will not merry merry be  
With his Mistress in his Bed,  
Let him be bury'd in the Church-yard,  
And me be put in his Stead :

*Let him, &c.*

S O N G   XXXV.

**I**N spite of Love, at length I've found  
A Mistress that will please me,  
Her Humour free and unconfin'd,  
Both Night and Day she'll ease me ;  
No jealous Thoughts disturb my Mind,  
Tho' she's enjoy'd by all Mankind ;  
Then drink and never spare it,  
'Tis a *Bottle* of good *Claret*.



If you thro' all her naked Charms  
 Her little Mouth discover,  
 Then take her blushing to your Arms,  
 And use her like a Lover ;  
 Such Liquor she'll distill from thence,  
 As will transport your ravish'd Sense ;  
 Then kiss and never spare it,  
 'Tis a *Bottle* of good *Claret*.

But best of all ! she has no Tongue,  
 Submissive she obeys me ;  
 She's fully better old than young,  
 And still to smiling sways me ;  
 Her Skin is smooth, Complexion black,  
 And hath a most delicious Smack ;  
 Then kiss and never spare it,  
 'Tis a *Bottle* of good *Claret*.

If you her Excellence would taste,  
 Be sure you use her kind, Sir,  
 Clasp your Hand about her Waist,  
 And raise her up behind, Sir ;  
 As for her Bottom never doubt,  
 Push but home, you'll find it out ;  
 Then drink and never spare it,  
 'Tis a *Bottle* of good *Claret*.

## SONG XXXVI.

While the Lover is thinking,  
With my Friend I'll be drinking,  
And with Vigour pursue the Delight;  
While the Fool is designing  
His fatal Confining,  
With *Bacchus* I'll spend the whole Night.

With the God I'll be jolly,  
Without Madness and Folly,  
Fickle Women to marry implore;  
Leave my Bottle and Friend,  
For so foolish an End!  
When I do, may I never drink more.

---

## SONG XXXVII.

Would you court the Joys won't leave you,  
Pay your Vows to *Bacchus*' Shrine;  
Other Pleasures will deceive you,  
Truth is only found in Wine.

Let the puny sneaking Lover  
Bow to *Cupid* like a Fool;

Just Experience will discover  
He's no more than Woman's Tool.

Bring more Wine, then charge your Glasses;  
Let 'em flow with gen'rous Red:  
Drown a Thousand loving Asses,  
Then in Triumph march to Bed.

S O N G XXXVIII.

'TIS too late for a Coach,  
And too soon to reel home;  
We've Freedom to stagger  
When the Town is our own.

Let's whirl it away,  
And whip Sixpence round,  
'Till the Drawers are founder'd,  
And the Hogsheads do sound.

The Glass stays with you, *Tom*,  
Save your Tide, pull away,  
One Minute at Midnight  
Is worth a whole Day.

## SONG XXXIX.

'TIS Wine was made to rule the Day,  
And not the flaring Sun;  
'Tis Love that should o'er Night bear Sway,  
And not the pale-fac'd Moon;  
Wine is th' Amazement of the Old,  
That Bliss would fain revive;  
And Love the Business of the Bold,  
That can both Joys revive.

*Let my Queen live for ever,  
And let's still drink French Wine;  
Let my Rage be immortal,  
And my Liquor divine.*

Infus'd in Wine let's sink to Rest,  
And dream of what we love;  
And since she may not be possess'd,  
Let's thus our Wants improve.  
*Let my Queen, &c.*

Oh! lull me couch'd in soft Repose,  
And Sleep ne'er from me take;  
Except the God will interpose,  
And let me enjoy awake.  
*Let my Queen, &c.*

SONG

S O N G X L.

THE Pleasures of Love, and the Joys of  
good Wine,

To perfect our Happiness, wisely we join.

We to Beauty all Day

Give the sovereign Sway,

And her favourite Nymphs devoutly obey.

At the Plays we are constantly making our  
Court,

And when they are ended, we follow the Sport,

To the *Mall*, and the *Park*,

Where we love till 'tis dark;

Then sparkling *Champaign*

Puts an End to his Reign;

It quickly recovers

Poor languishing Lovers, [Sorrow,

Makes us frolick and gay, and drowns all our

But, alas! we relapse again on the Morrow.

Let ev'ry Man stand

With his Glafs in his Hand, [mand.

And briskly discharge at the Word of Com-

Here's a Health to all those

Whom to Night we depose. [inspire;

Wine and Beauty by turns great Souls should

Present all together; and now, Boys, give Fire.

50      *The TRIUMPHS*  
SONG XLI.

**W**Hile *Phillis* is drinking Love and Wine  
in Alliance,  
With Forces united, bid resistless Defiance;  
By the Touch of her Lips the Wine sparkles  
higher,  
And her Eyes by her drinking redouble their  
Fire.  
Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their  
Colour,  
As Flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh  
Odour;  
His Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond  
curing,  
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame  
more enduring.  
By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from  
expiring;  
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and desiring;  
Relieving each other, the Pleasure is lasting,  
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a tasting.  
Then *Phillis* begin, let our Raptures abound,  
And a Kiss and a Glass be still going round;  
Our Joys are immortal while thus we remove  
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to  
Love.

SONG



S O N G XLII.

**J**ACK, thou'rt a Toper,  
Let's have t'other Quart,  
Ring, ring, we're so sober,  
'Twere a Shame for to part.

None but a Cuckold,  
Bully'd by his Wife,  
For coming too late,  
Fears a domestick Strife.

I'm free, I'm free, and so are you,  
To call and knock, knock,  
Knock boldly, tho' Watchman  
Cry past Two o' Clock.

---

S O N G XLIII.

**S**oldier, Soldier, take off thy Wine,  
And shake thy Locks, as I shake mine:  
How can I my poor Locks shake  
That have but ten Hairs on my Pate?  
And one of them must go for Tithes;  
So there remains but Four and Five,  
Four and Five, and that makes Nine,  
Then take off your Drink, as I take mine.

S O N G

S O N G   XLIV.

**B**Ring the Bowl and cool *Nantz*,  
     And let us be mixing,  
 We've a great deal of Bus'ness,  
     'Tis Time to be fixing.

Dip your Dish fair around  
     To all jolly Punch-drinkers;  
 We lose not a Minute,  
     While we're our own Skinkers.

We need no damn'd Drawers,  
     Our Motions are quicker,  
 We sit at the Well, Boys,  
     And drink richer Liquor.

---

S O N G   XLV.

**P**Ale Faces, stand by,  
     And our bright ones adore;  
 We look like our Wine,  
     You worse than our Score.

Come,

Come, light up your Pimples,  
All Art we out shine;  
When the plump God doth paint,  
Each Streak is divine.

Clean Glasses are Pencils,  
Old Claret is Oil,  
He that fits for his Picture,  
Must sit a good while.

---

S O N G XLVI.

WINE's a Mistress gay and easy,  
Ever free to give Delight;  
Let what may perplex and tease ye,  
'Tis the Bottle sets all right.  
Who wou'd leave a lasting Treasure  
To embrace a childish Pleasure,  
Which soon as tasted takes its Flight.  
Pierce the Cask of generous Claret,  
Rouze your Hearts, e'er 'tis too late;  
Fill the Goblet, never spare it,  
That's your Armour 'gainst all Fate.



S O N G XLVII.

**I**Mportunate Love, be gone,  
 My Heart you no more shall have,  
 With Freedom and Ease  
 My Senses I'll please,  
 And never be more thy Slave.

With Whining and pining  
 A Lover must shew his Art,  
 Professing,  
 No Blessing  
 Like gaining the fair One's Heart;  
 Which once in Possessing,  
 Like others confessing,  
 He soon will be ready to part.

But he that the Grape is caressing,  
 Will always find a true Blessing,  
 For that never cloyes,  
 But ripens his Joys,  
 And makes him look frolick and gay.  
 Then fill up your Glass,  
 And round let it pass,  
 And thus to the God you will say:

Impor-

Importunate Love, be gone,  
Thy Quiver is now in vain,  
With Freedom and Ease  
My Senses I'll please,  
And ne'er be in Love again.

---

S O N G XLVIII.

*She.* **G**O, go, you vile Sot!  
Quit your Pipe and your Pot;  
Get home to your Stall and be doing:  
You puzzle your Pate  
With Whimsies of State,  
And play with Edge-tools to your Ruin.

*He.* Keep in that shrill Note,  
Or I'll ram down your Throat  
This red-hot black Pipe I am smoaking;  
Thou Plague of my Life!  
Thou Gipsy! thou Wife!  
How dar'st thou thy Lord be provoking?

*She.* You riot and roar  
For *Babylon's* Whore,  
And give up your Bible and Pfalter:

I pr'ythee.

56      *The TRIUMPHS*

I pr'ythee, dear *Kit*,  
Have a little more Wit,  
And keep thy Neck out of the Halter.

*He.* Nay, pr'ythee, sweet *Joan*,  
Now let me alone  
T'o follow this Princely Vocation :  
I mean to be great,  
In Spite of my Fate,  
And settle my self and the Nation.

*She.* Go, go, you vile Sot !  
*He.* I matter thee not.  
*She.* Was ever poor Woman so slighted ?  
*He.* Thy Fortune is made !  
*She.* Go follow your Trade.  
*He.* I tell thee, I mean to be knighted.

*She.* A Whipping-post Knight !  
*He.* Get out of my Sight !  
*She.* Thou Traitor, thou ! mark thy sad Ending.  
*He.* I'll new vamp the State ;  
The Church I'll translate :  
Old Shoes are no more worth the Mending.

S O N G



S O N G XLIX.

I Am a jolly Toper,  
I am a ragged *Soph*,  
Known by the Pimples in my Face,  
With taking Bumpers off.  
*And a toping we will go, we'll go, we'll go,*  
*And a toping we will go.*

Come let's fit down together,  
And take our Fill of Beer,  
Away with all Disputes,  
For we'll have no wrangling here,  
*And a toping, &c.*

With Clouds of Tobacco  
We'll make our Noddles clear,  
We'll be as great as Princes  
When our Heads are full of Beer,  
*And a toping, &c.*

With Juggs, Muggs, and Pitchers,  
And Bellarmines of Stale,  
Dash'd lightly with a little,  
A very little Ale,  
*And a toping, &c.*

58      *The TRIUMPHS*

A Fig for the *Spaniard*,  
 And for the King of *France*,  
 And Heav'n preserve our Jugs, and Mugs,  
 And Q-----n from all Mischance,  
*And a toping, &c.*

Against the Presbyterians  
 Pray give me Leave to rail,  
 Who ne'er had thirsted for King's Blood,  
 Had they been drunk with Stale,  
*And a toping, &c.*

And against the Low-Church Saints,  
 Who sily play their Parts,  
 Who rail at the Dissenters,  
 Yet love 'em in their Hearts,  
*And a toping, &c.*

Here's a Health to the Queen,  
 Let's Bumpers take in Hand,  
 And may Prince G——— *Roger*  
 Grow stiff again, and stand,  
*And a toping, &c.*

Oh! how we tofs about  
 The never-failing Cann,  
 We drink and pifs, and pifs and drink,  
 And drink to pifs again,  
*And a toping, &c.*

O that

O that my Belly

It were a Tun of Stale,  
My Cock were turn'd into a Tap  
To run when I did call,  
*And a toping, &c.*

Of all sorts of Topers,

A *Soph* is far the best,  
Till he can neither go nor stand,  
By *Jove*, he's ne'er at Rest,  
*And a toping, &c.*

We fear no Wind or Weather,

When good Liquor dwells within,  
And since a *Soph* does live so well,  
Then who would be a King?  
*And a toping, &c.*

Then dead drunk we'll march, Boys,

And reel into our Tombs,  
That jollier *Sophs* (if such there be)  
May come and take our Rooms.  
*And a toping they may go, may go, may go,*  
*And a toping they may go.*

60      *The TRIUMPHS*

## SONG L.

NOW I'm resolv'd to love no more,  
But sleep by Night, and drink by Day :  
Your Coyneſs, *Chloris*, pray give o'er,  
And turn your tempting Eyes away :  
I'll place no Happineſs of mine  
On fading Beauty, ſtill to court,  
And ſay ſhe's glorious and divine,  
When there's in Drinking better Sport  
Love has no more Prerogative,  
To make me deſp'rate Courſes take ;  
Nor me of *Bacchus*' Joys deprive,  
For them I *Venus* will forſake :  
Deſpiſe the feeble Nets ſhe lays,  
And ſcorn the Man ſhe can o'ercome ;  
In Drinking we ſee happy Days,  
But in a fruitleſs Paſſion none.  
'Tis Wine alone that cheers the Soul,  
But Love and Women make us ſad ;  
I'm merry while I court the Bowl,  
Whiſt he that courts his Madam's mad.  
Then fill it up, Boys, to the Brim,  
Since in it we Reſreſhment find ;  
Come here's a Bumper unto him,  
That courts good Wine, not Womankind.

SONG

S O N G L I.

SUPPOSE a Man, does all he can  
 T' unslave him from a scolding Wife,  
 He cannot get out, but hops about,  
 Like a marry'd Bird in the Cage of Life:  
 She, on Mischief bent, is ne'er content,  
 Which makes the poor Man cry out,  
 Rigid Fate, Marriage-State,  
 No Reprieve but the Grave,  
 Oh! 'tis hard Condition.

Come, I'll tell you how this Wife to bow,  
 And quickly bring her to her last;  
 Your Senses please, indulge your Ease,  
 But resist no Joy, and each Humour taste;  
 Then let her squaul, and tear and bawl,  
 And with Whining cry her Eyes out;  
 Take a Flask, double Flask,  
 Whip it up, sip it up,  
 That's your Physician.

S O N G L I I.

HANG the Presbyterian Gill,  
 Bring a Pint of Sack *Will*,  
 More Orthodox of the two ;

Tho'

62      *The TRIUMPHS*

Tho' a slender Dispute  
Will strike the Elf mute,  
He's one of the honeſter Crew.

In a Pint there's ſmall Heart;  
Sirrah, bring us a Quart;  
There's Substance and Vigour met,  
'Twill hold us in Play  
Some Part of the Day,  
But we'll ſink him before Sun-ſet.

The daring old Pottle  
Does now bid us Battle,  
Let's try what his Strength can do;  
Keep your Ranks, and your Files,  
And for all his Wiles  
We'll tumble him down Stairs too.

The ſtout-breſted *Lombard*  
His Brains ne'er incumber'd  
With drinking of Gallons three:  
*Trycongius* was named,  
And by *Cæſar* famed,  
Who dubbed him Knight Cap-a-pee.

If then Honour be in't,  
Why a Pox ſhould we ſtint  
Our ſelves of the Fulneſs it bears?

He'as



He's as less Wit than an Ape,  
In the Blood of the Grape  
Will not plunge himself o'er Head and Ears.

Then summon the Gallon,  
A stout Foe, and a tall one,  
And likely to hold us to't;  
Keep but Coin in your Purse,  
The Word is disburse,  
I'll warrant he'll sleep at your Foot.

See the bold Foe appears,  
May he fall that him fears,  
Keep you but close Order, and then  
We will give him the Rout,  
Be he never so stout,  
And prepare for his Rallying again.

Let's drain the whole Cellar,  
Pipes, Buts, and the Dweller,  
If the Wine flotes not the faster;  
*Will*, when thou do'st slack us,  
By Warrant from *Bacchus*,  
We'll cane thy Tun-belly'd Master.

He's as

S O N G

## S O N G LIII.

**A** Pox on such Fools! let the Scoundrels  
Let 'em boast of their Liberty : (rail,  
They're no freer than we, for the World's a  
And all Men Prisoners be. (Goal,

The Drunkard's confin'd to his Claret,  
The Miser to his Store :

The Wit to his Muse and a Garret,  
And the Cully-Cit to his Whore.

The Parson's confin'd to his Pigs,  
The Lawyer to Hatred and Strife :

The Fidler to's Borees and Jiggs,  
And the Quack to his Glister-pipe.

The Church-man's confin'd to be civil.

The Quaker's a Prisoner to Light :

The Papist is bound to the Devil,  
And the Puritan's fetter'd with Spite.

Since old *Adam's* Race are all Pris'ners like us,  
Let us merrily quaff and sing :

Z-----s, why should we pine for Liberty thus,  
When we're each of us free as a King?

## S O N G L I V.

**M**Y Masters and Friends, whoever intends  
 To trouble this Room with Discourse;  
 You that sit bye are as guilty as I,  
 Be your Talk the better or worse:  
 Now, lest you should prate of Matters of State,  
 Or any thing else that might hurt us,  
 We rather will drink off our Cups to the Brink,  
 And then we shall speak to the Purpose.  
 Suppose you speak clean from the Matter you  
 That's not a Pin here or there; [mean,  
 Yet take this Advice, be both merry and wise,  
 Ye know not what Creatures be near:  
 Or suppose that some Sot should lurk in this Pot,  
 To scatter out Words that might hurt us;  
 To free that same Doubt, we'll see all the Pot  
 And then we shall speak to the Purpose. [out,  
 If any Man here be in bodily Fear  
 Of a Wolf, a Wife, or a Tweak,  
 Here's Armour of Proof, will keep her aloof,  
 Here's Liquor will make a Man speak.  
 Or if any intend to challenge his Friend,  
 Or rail at a Lord that might hurt us, [Juice,  
 Let him drink once or twice of this *Helicon*  
 And then he shall speak to the Purpose.

66      *The TRIUMPHS*

He that rails at the Times, in Prose or in Rhimes,  
 Doth bark like a Dog at the Moon : [Change,  
 Sings Prophecies strange, and threatens some  
 And hangs them upon the Queen's Tomb :  
 He is but a Railer, or prophesying Taylor,  
 To scatter out Words that might hurt us,  
 Let's talk of no Matches, but drink and sing Cat-  
 And then we shall speak to the Purpose. [ches,

It is a mad Zeal for a Man to reveal  
 His secret Thoughts when he boozes ;  
 He is but a Widgeon that talks of Religion,  
 In Taverns, or in tippling Houses :  
 It is not for us thus to discourse,  
 Let's talk of no thing that might hurt us,  
 But let us begin a new Health to the King,  
 And then we shall speak to the Purpose.

Amidst of our Bliss 'twill not be amiss,  
 To talk of our going home late ;  
 If Constable *Kite*, or a Piss-pot at Night,  
 Should chance to be spilt on our Pate :  
 It were all in vain to rage or complain,  
 Or scatter out Words that might hurt us,  
 'Twere better trudge home to honest kind *Joan*,  
 And then we shall speak to the Purpose.

S O N G

SONG LV.

*Ban.* **T**HE Joys of Court or City,  
The Fame of Fair or Witty,  
Are Toys to the Banditti,  
Whilst our Cups we drain.

*Ban.* We love, we laugh, we lie here,  
We eat, we drink, we die here,  
And valiantly defie here  
All the Pow'r of *Spain*.

But when by our Scout a Prize we find,  
We all run out to seize him,  
Stand, stand, we cry, or, ye Dog, ye die  
Without any more ado.

*Chorus.* All this brings us no Slander,  
Each conquering great Commander,  
And mighty *Alexander*,  
Were Banditti's too.

*Ban.* 1. Some we bind, and some we gag,  
Some we strip and plunder,  
Some that have Store of Gold,  
Into our Cave we drag.



68      *The TRIUMPHS*

*Chorus.* Thus, like first moulded Matter,  
Our Principles we scatter,  
'Twas Folly made good Nature,  
And Fear that first made Law.

*Ban.* 2. And we come home, our Doxies run,  
To bid us kindly welcome,  
Plump, fresh, and young, all to lie down  
On Beds of Moss to sport.

*Chorus.* Thus each Valiant Ranger  
Lies at Rack and Manger,  
And he that's past most Danger,  
Has most Kisses for't.

*Ban.* Fools do whine, and sigh and pine,  
Fools fall sick of Fevers,  
Fools doat on fleeting Joys,  
That oft does Ruin bring.

*Chorus.* Whilst without begging Pity  
Of the Wife, the Fair, or Witty,  
The brave, the bold Banditti  
Have the self same Thing.

S O N G



## SONG LVI.

LEAVE off fond *Hermite*, leave thy Vow,  
 And fall again to drinking;  
 That Beauty that wo'n't Sack allow,  
 Is hardly worth thy thinking:  
 Dry Love or small can never hold,  
 And without *Bacchus*, *Venus* soon grows cold.  
 Do'st think by turning Anchorite,  
 Or a dull *Small-Beer* Sinner;  
 Thy cold Embraces can invite,  
 Or sprightly Courtship win her:  
 No, 'tis *Canary* that inspires, [Fires.  
 'Tis *Sack*, like Oil, gives Flames to am'rous  
 This makes thee chant thy Mistress' Name.  
 And to the Heavens raise her:  
 And range this universal Frame,  
 For Epithets to praise her:  
 Low Liquor renders Brains unwitty,  
 And ne'er provoke to Love, but move to Pity.  
 Then be thy self, and take thy Glass,  
 Leave this dry Devotion;  
 Thou must, like *Neptune*, court thy Lass,  
 Wallowing in *Nectar's* Ocean,  
 Let's offer to each Lady's Shrine,  
 A full crown'd Bowl, here's a Health to thine.

SONG

70      *The TRIUMPHS*  
SONG LVII.

**T**ROY had a Breed of brave stout Men,  
Yet *Greece* made shift to rout her,  
'Cause each Man drank as much as Ten,  
And thence grew ten times stouter :  
Tho' *Hector* was a *Trojan* true  
As ever pift 'gainst Wall, Sir,  
*A--chilles* bang'd him black and blue,  
For he drank more than all, Sir.

Let *Bacchus* be our God of War,  
We shall fear nothing then, Boys ;  
We'll drink all dead, and lay 'em to Bed,  
And if they wake not conquered,  
We'll drink them dead again, Boys :  
Nor were the *Grecians* only fam'd,  
For Drinking and for Fighting ;  
For he that drank, and wa'n't asham'd,  
Was ne'er asham'd o's Writing.

He that will be a Soldier then,  
Or Wit, must drink good Liquor ;  
It makes base Cowards fight like Men,  
And roving Thoughts fly quicker :  
Let *Bacchus* be both God of War,  
And God of Wit, and then, Boys ;

We'll

We'll drink and fight, and drink and write,  
And if the Sun set with his Light,  
We'll drink him up again, Boys.

---

S O N G LVIII.

FOrtune is blind,  
And Beauty unkind,  
The Devil take 'em both;  
One is a Witch,  
And t'other's a Bitch,  
In neither's Faith or Troth:  
There's Hazard in Hap,  
Deceit in a Lap,  
But no Fraud in a Brimmer;  
If Truth in the Bottom lie,  
Thence to redeem her,  
We'll drain the whole Ocean dry.

Honour's a Toy,  
For Fools a Decoy,  
Beset with Care and Fear;  
And that (I wufs)  
Kills many a Puss  
Before her climax Year:

But

We'll

72      *The TRIUMPHS*

But Freedom and Mirth  
 Create a new Birth,  
 While Sack's the *Aqua Vite*,  
 That Vigour and Spirit gives,  
 Liquor Almighty!  
 Whereby poor Mortal lives.

Let us be blithe,  
 In spite of Death's Scythe,  
 And with an Heart and Half;  
 Drink to our Friends,  
 And think of no Ends,  
 But keep us sound and safe:  
 While Healths do go round,  
 No Malady's found,  
 The Maw sick in the Morning,  
 For want of its wonted Strain,  
 Is as a Warning,  
 To double it over again.

Let us maintain  
 Our Traffique with *Spain*,  
 And both the *Indies* slight;  
 Give us their Wines,  
 Let 'em keep their Mines,  
 We'll pardon Eighty Eight.

There's

There's more certain Wealth  
 Secur'd from Stealth,  
 In one Pipe of Canary,  
 Than in an unfortunate Isle:  
 Let us be wary,  
 We do not our selves beguile.

---

S O N G L I X.

A Pox on the Times,  
 Let 'em go as they will,  
 Tho' the Taxes are grown so heavy;  
 Our Hearts are our own,  
 And shall be so still,  
 Drink about, my Boys, and be merry:  
 Let no Man despair,  
 But drive away Care,  
 And drown all our Sorrow in Claret;  
 We'll never repine,  
 So they give us good Wine,  
 Let 'em take all our Dross, we can spare it.  
 We value not Chink,  
 Unless to buy Drink,  
 Or purchase us innocent Pleasure:

There's

L

When

74      *The TRIUMPHS*

When 'tis gone we ne'er fret,  
 So we Liquor can get,  
 For Mirth of it self is a Treasure :  
 No Miser can be,  
 So happy as we,  
 Tho' compass'd with Riches he wallow;  
 Day and Night he's in Fear,  
 And ne'er without Care,  
 While nothing disturbs the Good Fellow.  
 Come fill up the Glass,  
 And about let it pass,  
 For Nature doth *Vacuums* decline ;  
 Drown the spruce formal As,  
 That's afraid of his Face,  
 We'll drink 'till our Noses do *Phæbus* outshine :  
 While we've Plenty of this,  
 We can ne'er do amiss,  
 'Tis an Antidote 'gainst our Ruin ;  
 And the Lad that drinks most,  
 With Honour may boast,  
 He fears neither Death nor Undoing.



S O N G



SONG LX.

LET the daring Advent'ers be tofs'd on the  
Main,

And for Riches no Danger decline; (gain,  
Tho' with Hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they  
They can bring us no Treasure like Wine:  
Tho' with Hazard the Spoils of both *Indies* they  
gain,

They can bring us no Treasure like Wine.

Enough of such Wealth would a Beggar enrich,  
And supply great Wants in a King: (Wretch,  
'Twould smoothe off a Glass in a comfortless  
And inspire weeping Captives to sing:  
'Twould smoothe, &c.

There's none that groans under a burthen some  
If this sovereign Balsam he gains, (Life,  
This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a  
And of Rags and Diseases in Chains. (Wife,  
This will make, &c.

It swells all his Veins with a kind purple Flood,  
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the  
Mind: (good Blood,  
There's no Peasant so rank, but it fills with  
And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd.  
There's no Peasant, &c.

76      *The TRIUMPHS*

There's nothing our Heart with such Joy can  
bewitch,

For on Earth 'tis a Pow'r that's divine :  
Without it we're wretched, tho' never so rich ;  
Nor is any Man poor that has Wine.  
Without it, &c.

---

S O N G   L X I.

**W**Hilst the Town's brim-full of Folly,  
And runs gadding after *Polly*,  
Let us take a cheartul Glass ;  
Tell me, *Damon*, where's the Pleasure  
Of bestowing Time and Treasure  
For to make one's self an Ass ?

I'm for Joys are less expensive,  
Where the Pleasure's more extensive,  
And from dull Attention free ;  
Where my *Calia*, o'er a Bottle,  
Can, when tir'd with am'rous Prattle,  
Sing old Songs as well as she.



S O N G

S O N G L X I I.

Curse on all Cares,  
**A** And popular Fears,  
 Come let's to the Bell,  
 For Wine there drinks well;  
 There take off our Glafs,  
 Nay it shall not one pafs:

*Chorus. For we will be dull and heavy no more,  
 Since Wine does increase, and there's Claret good  
 Store.*

Come fill up your Wine,  
 Look, fill it like mine,  
 Here, Boys, I begin  
 A good Health to the King;  
 Jack, see it go round,  
 Whilst with Mirth we abound:

*Chorus. For we will be dull and heavy no more,  
 Since Wine does increase, and there's Claret good  
 Store.*

Nay, don't us deceive,  
 Why this will you leave?  
 The Glafs is not big,  
 What-a-pox you're no *Whig*;

Come



From the Folly of dying for Grief or Despair,  
With our Heads in the Water, or Heels in the  
*Ob! Bacchus, &c.* (Air :

---

S O N G L X I V .

C O M E, fill us a Bumper of Red my brave Boys,  
Let us call for the Slaves from below ;  
Wine alone 'tis inspires the Mind with true Joys,  
Since the Gods in their Heav'n drink so.

He that troubles his Brain with dull Cares is an  
Having such brisk Liquor before him, (Afs,  
Let us bury the World in the Grave of the Glass,  
And for the brisk God, let's adore him.

Let us laugh at the Wise, and their Morals  
despise,  
The rich Juice 'tis affords us Delight ;  
Let's drink a good Health to our Mistress's  
Eyes,  
'Till our own Eyes shall bid us good Night



## SONG LXV.

W<sup>H</sup>en embracing my Friend,  
And quaffing *Champaign*,  
Dull Phlegmatick Spleen  
Thou assaultst me in vain,  
Dull Phlegmatick Spleen  
Thou assaultst me in vain.  
My Pleasures flow pure,  
Without Taint or Ally,  
And each Glas that I drink  
Inspires with new Joy.  
My Pleasures thus heighten'd,  
No Improvement receive,  
But what the dear Sight  
Of my *Phillis* can give,  
The Charms of her Eyes,  
The Force of my Wine,  
Do then in harmonious Confed'racy join,  
To rap me with Joys,  
To rap me with Joys,  
Seraphick, seraphick and divine.

SONG



S O N G LXVI.

TO charming *Celia*'s Arms I flew,  
And there all Night I feasted,  
No God such Transport ever knew,  
Or Mortal ever tasted.

Lost in the sweet tumultuous Joy,  
And blest beyond Expressing,  
How can your Slave, my Fair said I,  
Reward so great a Blessing?

The whole Creation's Wealth survey,  
O'er both the *Indies* wander,  
Ask what brib'd Senates give away,  
And fighting Monarchs squander.

The richest spoils of Earth and Air,  
The rifled Ocean's Treasure,  
'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far,  
To purchase so much Pleasure.

She blushing cry'd, my Life, my Dear,  
Since *Celia* thus you fancy,  
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,  
A Rundlet of right *Nantzy*.

82 *The TRIUMPHS*

S O N G LXVII.

**H**ERE's a Health to those Men,  
 That go with us again,  
 To chuse Knights that can afford, Sir,  
 To serve without Pension,  
 Or other Pretention,  
 But just and right is the Word, Sir.  
 As for those that have Pay,  
 We have little to say,  
 Let the Soldier live by his Sword, Sir,  
 We're for them that are known,  
 To have Lands of their own,  
 And just and right is the Word, Sir.  
 Shou'd we chuse the Court-Tools,  
 They will call us all Fools,  
 Tho' a double Saint and a Lord, Sir;  
 We are sure we can trust,  
 To the Right and the Just,  
 For just and right is the Word, Sir.  
 Then take off your Glasse fair,  
 To do otherwise here,  
 Is unjust, against Right, and absurd, Sir,  
 He that leaves but three Drops,  
 Shall have them thrown in's Chops,  
 For just and right is the Word, Sir.

S O N G

SONG LXVIII.

WHAT if *Betty* grows old,  
And her Features decay ;  
She's young while she drinks,  
'Tis the Grape makes her gay.

See how her Eyes shine,  
They sparkle with Drink,  
Such a Lustre has Wine,  
They never can sink.

Let the Fops doat on Faces,  
Her Soul's my Delight,  
She can't want for Graces,  
Who tipples all Night.

Long Marcher o'er Furrows,  
No Place can her find,  
In spite of Camp Sorrows,  
Poor *Betty* will be kind.

Boy, fill up our Glasses,  
Not a Wrinkle will stand,  
They're Fools who use Washes,  
When Claret's at Hand.

## SONG LXIX.

**F**ILL the Glass, fill, fill, fill the Glass,  
 Let Hautboys sound, whilst bright *Celinda's*,  
 Bright *Celinda's* Health goes round,  
 Fill the Glass, fill, fill, fill the Glass,  
 Let Hautboys sound, whilst bright *Celinda's*,  
 Bright *Celinda's* Health goes round.

With eternal Beauty blest, ever blooming,  
 Ever blooming, still be blest:  
 Drink your Glass, drink your Glass,  
 Drink your Glass and think,  
 Think, think the rest:  
 Drink your Glass and think,  
 Think, think the rest.

---

## SONG LXX.

**F**ROM good Liquor ne'er shrink,  
 In Friendship we'll drink,  
 And drown all grim Care and pale Sorrow:  
 Let us Husband to Day,  
 For Time flies swift away,  
 And no one's assur'd of to Morrow.

Of all the grave Sages  
That grac'd the past Ages,  
Dad *Noah* the most did excel:  
He first planted the Vine,  
First tasted the Wine,  
And got nobly drunk, as they tell.

Say, why should not we  
Get as bosky as he,  
Since here's Liquor as well will inspire?  
Thus fill up my Glass,  
I'll see that it pass  
To the *Manes* of that good old Sire.

---

S O N G LXXI.

DULL Business hence, avoid this sacred  
Round:  
To Mirth and mighty Love, let ev'ry Bowl be  
crown'd,  
The sparkling Nectar see! It fans the Lover's  
Fire;  
And emulates those Smiles its sprightly  
Draughts inspire.

The

86      *The TRIUMPHS*

The gen'rous Juice who scorns, and wears a  
 fullen Brow,  
 Still let his Mistress frown, and he no Plea-  
 sures know !  
 To *Chloe's* Name let's consecrate the Glass ;  
*Chloe* shall make each Round with livelier  
 Transport pass :  
 What tho' the Brain should rock, and swimming  
 Eyes should rowl ?  
 Love, mighty Love, does more ; intoxicates  
 the Soul,  
 Then, like true Sons of Joy, let's laugh at the  
 Precise :  
 When Wisdom grows austere, 'tis Folly to be  
 wise.  
 This 'tis to live ; thus Time is nobly lost :  
 To drink, and love, is all dull Man from Life  
 can boast.  
 Thou Fiend, Reflection, hence ! Mirth shall  
 not be ally'd,  
 Tho' less'ning Tapers waste, and the pale Stars  
 should fade.  
 No matter when the Morn, or brighter *Phæbus*  
 rise ;  
 The Morn's in *Chloe's* Cheek, and *Phæbus* in  
 her Eyes.

S O N G



SONG LXXII.

**P**Rithee Friend leave off thy Thinking,  
 Cast thy Cares and Love away;  
 Troubles still are drown'd in Drinking,  
 Do not, do not then delay;  
*Bacchus* cares not for thy Will,  
 But will have us drinking still.  
 Do but view this Glass of Claret,  
 How invitingly it looks;  
 Drink it quickly, or you'll marr it,  
 Pox of Fighting, or of Books:  
 Let us have good Store of Wine,  
 Hang him then that does repine.  
 Call the Drawer, bid him fill it,  
 As full as ever it can hold:  
 O take heed you do not spill it,  
 'Tis more precious far than Gold;  
 Let us drink and then 'twill prove,  
 Drinking's better Sport than Love.

SONG LXXIII.

**C**OME my Hearts of Gold,  
 Let us be merry and wise;  
 It is a Proverb of old,  
 Suspicion hath double Eyes:

What-

88      *The TRIUMPHS*

Whatsoever we say or do,  
     Let's not drink to disturb the Brain;  
 Let's laugh for an Hour or Two,  
     *And ne'er be drunk again.*

A Cup of old Sack is good,  
     To drive the cold Winter away;  
 'Twill cherish and comfort the Blood  
     Most when a Man's Spirits decay:  
 But he that doth drink too much,  
     Of his Head he will complain;  
 Then let us have a gentle Touch,  
     *And ne'er be drunk again.*

Good Claret was made for Man,  
     But Man was not made for it;  
 Let's be merry as we can,  
     So we drink not away our Wit:  
 Good Fellowship is abus'd,  
     And Wine will infect the Brain;  
 But we'll have it better us'd,  
     *And ne'er be drunk again.*

When with good Fellows we meet,  
     A Quart among Three or Four;  
 'Twill make us stand on our Feet,  
     While others lie drunk on the Floor.

Then Drawer go fill a Quart,  
And let it be Claret in Grain;  
'Twill cherish and comfort the Heart,  
*But we'll ne'er be drunk again.*

Here's a Health to our Noble King,  
And to the Queen of his Heart;  
Let's laugh and merrily sing,  
And he's a Coward that will start:  
Here's a Health to our General,  
And to those that were in *Spain*;  
And to our Colonel,  
*And we'll ne'er be drunk again.*

Enough's as good as a Feast  
If a Man did but Measure know;  
A Drunkard's worse than a Beast,  
For he'll drink till he cannot go:  
If a Man could Time recall,  
In a Tavern that's spent in vain;  
We'd learn to be sober all,  
*And never be drunk again.*

---

S O N G LXXIV.

WHAT need we take Care for *Platonical*  
Rules,

Or the Precepts of *Aristotle*;

N

Those

90      *The TRIUMPHS*

Those that think to find Learning in Books are  
but Fools,

True Philosophy lies in the Bottle :  
And the Mind that's confin'd to the Modes of  
the Schools,

Ne'er arrives to the Height of a Pottle :

Let the Sages of our Ages

Keep a Talking of our Walking

Demurely, whilst we that are wiser,

Do abhor all that's Moral

In *Cato* and *Plato*,

And *Seneca* talks like a Sizer :

*Then let full Bowls, full Bottles and Bowls be  
burl'd,*

*That your Jollity may be compleater ;*

*For Man, tho' he be but a very little World,*

*Must be drown'd as well as a greater.*

We will drink till our Cheeks are as starr'd as  
the Skies,

Let the pale-colour'd Student flout us ;

Till our Noses, like Comets, set Fire on our  
Eyes,

And we bear the Horizon about us :

And if all make us fall, then our Heels shall  
divine

What the Stars are a doing without us :

Let

Let *Lilly* go tell ye of Thunders and Wonders,  
 And Astrologers all divine; (Features,  
 Let *Booker* be a Looker in our Natures and  
 He'll find nothing but Claret in mine.  
*Then let full Bowls, &c.*

---

S O N G LXXV.

**A**LL Hail to the Days that merit more Praise  
 Than all the rest of the Year;  
 And welcome the Night that bringeth Delight,  
 As well to the Poor as the Peer.

Good Fortune attend each merry Man's Friend,  
 That doth but the best he may;  
 Forgetting old Wrong with Cup or a Song,  
 To drive the cold Winter away.

Let Misery pack with a Whip at his Back,  
 Down to the *Tartarian* Flood;  
 In *Lethe* profound let Envy be drown'd,  
 That pines at another Man's Good.

Let Sorrow's Expence come a thousand Years  
 All Payments have great Delay; (hence,  
 And spend the long Nights in honest Delights,  
 To drive the cold Winter away.



92     *The TRIUMPHS*

The Court in his State sets open his Gate,  
 And gives free Welcome to most :  
 The City likewise, tho' something precise,  
 Yet willingly part with their Roast :

But yet by Report from City and Court,  
 The Country gets the Day ;  
 More Liquor is spent with better Content,  
 To drive the cold Winter away.

The Gentry there for Cost doth not spare,  
 The Yeomanry fast not till *Lent* ;  
 The Farmers and such, think nothing too much,  
 So they keep but to pay their Rent.

The poorest of all do merrily call,  
 When at a fit Place they stay,  
 For a Song or a Tale, or a Cup of good Ale,  
 To drive the cold Winter away.

'Tis ill for a Mind to Envy inclin'd,  
 To think of small Injuries now :  
 If Wrath be to seek, do not let her thy Cheek,  
 Nor yet to inhabit thy Brow :

Cross out of thy Books all malecontent Looks,  
 Let Beauty and Youth decay,  
 And wholly consort with Mirth and with Sport,  
 To drive the cold Winter away.

S O N G



SONG LXXVI.

LET us drink and be merry,  
Dance, joke, and rejoice,  
With Claret and Sherry,  
Theorbo and Voice:  
The changeable World  
To our Joy is unjust,  
All Treasure's uncertain,  
Then down with your Dust:  
In Frolicks dispose  
Your Pounds Shillings and Pence,  
For we shall be nothing  
An Hundred Years hence.

We'll kifs and be free,  
With *Moll*, *Betty*, and *Nelly*,  
Have Oysters and Lobsters,  
And Maids by the Belly;  
Fish Dinners will make  
A Lafs spring like a Flea,  
Dame *Venus* (Love's Goddess)  
Was born of the Sea:  
With *Bacchus* and with her,  
We'll tickle the Sense,  
For we shall be past it  
An Hundred Years hence.

Your

94     *The TRIUMPHS*

Your most beautiful Bit,  
    That hath all Eyes upon her,  
That her Honesty sells  
    For a Hautgoust of Honour;  
Whose Lightness, and Brightness,  
    Doth shine in such Splendor,  
That none but the Stars  
    Are thought fit to attend her:  
Tho' now she be pleasant  
    And sweet to the Sense,  
Will be damnable mouldy  
    An Hundred Years hence.

The Usurer that  
    In the Hundred takes Twenty,  
Who wants in his Wealth,  
    And pines in his Plenty,  
Lays up for a Season  
    Which he shall ne'er see,  
The Year One Thousand  
    Eight Hundred and Three:  
His Wit, and his Wealth,  
    His Learning, and Sense,  
Shall be turned to nothing  
    An Hundred Years hence.

Your

Your Chancery-Lawyer,  
 Whose Subtilty thrives,  
 In spinning out Suits  
 To the length of three Lives;  
 Such Suits which the Clients  
 Do wear out in Slavery,  
 Whilst Pleader makes Conscience  
 A Cloak for his Knav'ry:  
 May boast of Subtilty  
 In th' Present Tense,  
 But *Non est Inventus*  
 An Hundred Years hence.

Then why should we turmoil  
 In Cares and in Fears,  
 Turn all our Tranquillity  
 To Sighs and Tears;  
 Let's eat, drink, and play,  
 'Till the Worms do corrupt us,  
 'Tis certain *post mortem*  
*Nulla Voluptas:*  
 Let's deal with our Damsels,  
 That we may from thence,  
 Have Broods to succeed us  
 An Hundred Years hence.

96      *The TRIUMPHS*

S O N G   LXXVII.

**B** Onny Lads and Damsels,  
     You're welcome to our Booth;  
 We're now come here on purpose,  
     Your Fancies for to sooth:  
 No heavy *Dutch* Performers,  
     Amongst us you shall find;  
 We'll make your Lads good humour'd,  
     And Lasses very kind,  
 Your Damsons, and Philberds  
     You're welcome here to crack:  
*Bnt a Glas of merry Sack, Boys,*  
*Is a Cordial for the Back.*

You may range about the Fair,  
     New Tricks and Sights to see;  
 And when your Legs are weary,  
     Pray come again to me:  
 There's thread-bear *Holophernes*,  
     Whom *Judith* long hath slain;  
 With *Guy of Warwick*, *St. George*,  
     And *Rosamond's* fair Dame:  
 You'll find some pretty Puppets too,  
     With many a Nicky Nack;  
*But a Glas of jolly Sack, Boys,*  
*Is a Cordial for the Back.*

The

The Houses being low too,  
 Some Players hither come ;  
 But if my Stars deceive me not,  
 They soon will know their Doom :  
 There's other pretty Strowlers,  
 That crowd upon us here ;  
 That may have Booths to let too,  
 Before their time I fear.  
 All these may prate, and talk much,  
 Show Tricks, and bounce and crack,  
*But here's a Glass of Sack, Boys,*  
*That's a Cordial for the Back.*

Come sit down then, brisk Lads all,  
 A Bumper to the King ;  
 Old *England* let's remember,  
 (May Peace and Plenty spring)  
 Let War no more perplex you,  
 Your Taxes soon will end ;  
 The Soldiers all disbanded,  
 And each Man love his Friend :  
 Be merry then, carouse Boys,  
 See Drawer what 'tis they lack ;  
*And fetch a Bottle neat, Boy,*  
*That's a Cordial for the Back.*

## SONG LXXVIII.

NOW God above that made all things,  
 Heaven and Earth and all therein;  
 The Ships upon the Seas do swim,  
 To keep Foes out they come not in:  
 Now every one doth what he can,  
 All for the Use and Praise of Man;  
*I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell*  
*That first devis'd the Leathern Bottel.*

Now what do you say to those Canns of Wood?  
 Faith, they are naught, they cannot be good;  
 When a Man for Beer he doth therein send,  
 To have them fill'd as he doth intend:  
 The Bearer stumbleth by the way,  
 And on the Ground his Liquor doth lay;  
 Then straight the Man begins to bann,  
 And swears 'twas long of the wooden Cann:  
 But had it been in a Leathern Bottle,  
 Altho' he had stumbled, all had been well;  
 So safe therein it would remain,  
 Until the Man got up again:  
*And I wish in Heaven, &c.*

Now for the Pots with Handles three,  
 Faith they shall have no Praise of me;

When



When a Man and his Wife do fall at Strife,  
As many I know have done in their Life:  
They lay their Hands upon the Pot both,  
And break the same, tho' they were loth;  
Which they shall answer another Day,  
For casting their Liquor so vainly away:  
But had it been in a Bottle fill'd.  
The one might have tugg'd, the other have held;  
They both might have tugg'd till their Hearts did  
And yet no harm the Bottle would take: (ake,  
*And I wish, &c.*

Now what of the Flaggons of Silver fine?  
Faith they shall have no Praise of mine;  
When a Nobleman he doth them send,  
To have them fill'd as he doth intend:  
The Man with his Flaggon runs quite away,  
And never is seen again after that Day;  
Oh! then his Lord begins to bann,  
And swears he hath lost both Flaggon and Man;  
But it ne'er was known that Page, or Groom,  
But with a *Leathern Bottle* again would come;  
*And I wish, &c.*

Now what do you say to these Glasses fine?  
Faith they shall have no Praise of mine;

# 100 *The TRIUMPHS*

When Friends are at a Table set,  
And by them several Sorts of Meat :  
The one loves Flesh, the other Fish,  
Among them all remove a Dish;  
Touch but the Glass upon the Brim,  
The Glass is broke, no Wine left in :  
Then be your Table-Cloath ne'er so fine,  
There lies your Beer, your Ale, your Wine ;  
And doubtless for so small Abuse,  
A young Man may his Service lose :  
*And I wish, &c.*

Now when this Bottle is grown old,  
And that it will no longer hold ;  
Out of the Side you may cut a Clout,  
To mend your Shoes when worn out :  
Or hang the other Side on a Pin,  
'Twill serve to put many odd Trifles in ;  
As Nails, Awls, and Candles Ends,  
For young Beginners need such Things.  
*I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell,  
That first devis'd the Leathern Bottel.*



S O N G

## S O N G LXXIX.

'TIS a pitiful thing that now a-days, Sirs,  
Our Poets turn *Leathern Bottle* Praisers;  
But if a *Leathern* Theme they did lack,  
They might better have chosen the bonny  
*Black-Jack*:

For when they are both now well worn and  
decay'd,  
For the *Jack*, than the *Bottle*, much more may  
be said,  
*And I wish his Soul much good may partake,*  
*That first devis'd the bonny Black-Jack.*

And now I will begin to declare,  
What the Conveniencies of the *Jack* are;  
First, when a Gang of Good-fellows do meet,  
As oft at a Fair, or a Wake, you shall see't:  
They resolve to have some merry Carouses,  
And yet to get home in good time to their  
Houses;

Then the *Bottle* it runs as slow as my Rhime,  
With *Jack* they might have all been drunk in  
good time;  
*And I wish his Soul in Peace may dwell,*  
*That first devis'd that speedy Vessel.*

And

102 *The TRIUMPHS*

And therefore leave your Twittle-twattle,  
Praise the *Jack*, praise no more the *Leathern*  
*Bottle* ;

For a Man at the *Bottle* may drink till he burst,  
And yet not handsomely quench his Thirst :  
The Master hereat maketh great Moan,  
And doubts his *Bottle* has a Spice of the Stone ;  
But if it had been a generous *Jack*,  
He might have had currently what he did lack :  
*And I wish his Soul in Paradise,*  
*That first found out that happy Device.*

Be your Liquor small, or thick as Mud,  
The cheating *Bottle* that cries good, good ;  
Then the Master again begins to storm,  
Because it said more than it could perform :  
But if it had been in an honest *Black-Jack*,  
It would have prov'd better to Sight, Smell, and  
Smack ;

*And I wish his Soul in Heaven may rest,*  
*That added a Jack to Bacchus's Feast.*

No Flaggon, Tankard, Bottle, or Jugg,  
Is half so fit, or so well can hold Tugg ;  
For when a Man and his Wife play at Thwacks,  
There's nothing so good as a Pair of *Black Jacks*.

Thus

Thus to it they go, they swear, and they curse,  
It makes them both better, the *Jacks* ne'er the  
worse;

For they might have bang'd both, till their  
Hearts did ake.

And yet no Hurt the *Jacks* could take :  
*And I wish his Heirs may have a Pension,*  
*That first produc'd that lucky Invention.*

*Socrates and Aristotle*

Suck'd no Wit from a *Leather Bottle*;  
For surely I think a Man as soon may,  
Find a Needle in a Bottle of Hay ;  
But if the *Black-Jack* a Man often tofs over,  
'Twill make him as drunk as any Philosopher ;  
When he that makes *Jacks* from a Peck to a  
Quart,

Conjures not, tho' he lives by the black Art :  
*And I wish, &c.*

Besides, my good Friend, let me tell you that  
Fellow,

That fram'd the *Bottle*, his Brains were but  
shallow ;

The Case is so clear I nothing need mention,  
The *Jack* is a neater and deeper Invention ;

When



104 *The TRIUMPHS*

When the *Bottle* is cleaned the Dregs fly about,  
As if the Guts and the Brains flew out;  
But if in a Cannon-bore *Jack* it had been,  
From the Top to the Bottom all might have  
been clean :

*And I wish his Soul no Comfort may lack,  
That first devis'd the bouncing Black-Jack.*

Your *Leather Bottle* is us'd by no Man,  
That is a Hair's Breadth above a Plow-man;  
Then let us gang to the *Hercules Pillars*,  
And there visit those gallant Jack-swillers;  
In these small, strong, sour, mild, stale,  
They drink Orange, Lemon, and *Lambeth Ale*.  
The Chief of Heralds there allows  
The *Jack* to be of an ancient House.

*And may his Successors never want Sack,  
That first devis'd the long Leather Jack.*

Then for the *Bottle* you cannot well fill it,  
Without a Tunnel, but that you must spill it;  
'Tis as hard to get in, as it is to get out,  
'Tis not so with a *Jack*, for it runs like a Spout:  
Then burn your *Bottle*, what good is in it,  
One cannot well fill it, nor drink, nor clean it,  
But if it had been in a bonny *Black-Jack*,  
'T would come a great Pace, and hold you good  
*And I wish, &c.*

(Tack.  
He



He that's drunk in a *Jack* looks as fierce as a Spark,

That were just ready cock'd to shoot at a Mark ;  
When the other thing up to the Mouth it goes,  
Makes a Man look with a great Bottle Nose ;  
All wise Men conclude, that a *Jack* new or old,  
Tho' beginning to leak, is however worth Gold ;  
For when the poor Man on the Way does  
trudge it,

His worn-out *Jack* serves him for a Budget ;  
*And I wish his Heirs may never want Sack,*  
*That first contriv'd the Leather Black-Jack.*

When *Bottle* and *Jack* stand together, fie on't,  
The *Bottle* looks just like a Dwarf to a Giant ;  
Then have we not Reason the *Jack* for to chuse,  
For they can make Boots, when the *Bottle*  
mends Shoes ?

For add but to every *Jack* a Foot,  
And every *Jack* becomes a Boot :  
Then give me my *Jack*, there's a Reason why,  
They have kept us wet, and they'll keep us dry :  
I now shall cease, but as I'm an honest Man,  
The *Jack* deserves to be call'd Sir *John*.

*And may they ne'er want for Belly nor Back,*  
*That kept up the Trade of the bonny Black-Jack.*

## SONG LXXX.

**N***Eptune* frown, and *Boreas* roar,  
 Let thy Thunder Bellow ;  
 Noble *Ormond's* now come o'er,  
 With each gallant *English* Fellow :  
 Then to welcome him a-shore,  
 To his Health a Brimmer pour,  
 Till every one be mellow,  
 Remembring *Rodondello*.

Tho' at *Cales* they 'scap'd our Guns,  
 By strong-wall'd Umbrello ;  
 Civil Jarrs and plund'ring Dons,  
 Curse upon the Metal yellow,  
 Had the valiant Duke more Men,  
 He a Victor there had been,  
 As late at *Rodondello*.

*Monfieur* and *Petit Anjou*,  
 Plot your State Intrigo :  
 Take new Marshal *Chateaurenault*,  
 Then consult with *Spanish Diego* :  
 And new Glory to advance,  
 Sing *Te Deum* through all *France*,  
*Pour la Victoire* at *Vigo*.

We

We, mean while, to crown our Joy,  
 Laughing at such Folly,  
 To their Health full Bowls employ,  
 Who have cur'd our Melancholly:  
 And done more to furnish Tales,  
 Now at *Vigo*, than at *Cales*,  
 Fam'd *Effex* did, or *Raleigh*.

Great *Eliza* on the Main,  
 Quell'd the Dons Boastado;  
 In Queen *Anne*'s auspicious Reign,  
 Valour conquers, not Bravado:  
 Come but such another Year,  
 We the spacious Sea shall clear,  
 Of *France* and *Spain*'s Armado.

Once more then, tho' *Boreas* roar,  
 And loud Thunder bellow;  
 Since great *Ormond* is come o'er,  
 With each gallant *English* Fellow:  
 Let us welcome all a-shore,  
 To each Health a Brimmer pour,  
 Till every one be mellow,  
 Remembring *Rodondello*, &c.

We

## SONG LXXXI.

Crown your Bowls  
Loyal Souls,  
*Cesar* to his Home returns;  
From the Shore,  
Cannons roar,  
*England* smiles, and *Holland* mourns.  
Malecontents in Mischief failing,  
Changing Notes now leave off railing;  
Now the Vipers hide their Stings.  
Fill, fill then high,  
Proclaim your Joy;  
And now in a Chorus sing,  
Welcome best of Kings:  
Noble Boy, here's to thee,  
Look on my Glass and me,  
Here's the Way,  
We this happy Day,  
Make as fam'd as the *Jubilee*.



S O N G LXXXII.

COME hither all you  
That love musical Sport,  
Ye Dons of the City,  
And Beaus of the Court,  
I'll give ye a Touch  
Of my Lyrical Vein,  
If you value plain Dealing,  
Shall entertain:

C H O R U S.

*Oh! London, consider  
The blest Days of old,  
When Labour brought Plenty,  
And Trading brought Gold;  
When ten thousand Pounds  
Was a King's Daughter's Pay,  
And Beef was a Feast  
On a Lord-Mayor's Day.*

I sing ye no News  
Of what's won, or what's lost  
Abroad, or what Wonders  
Came over last Post,  
Our Wars here are ended,  
And Peace now atones,  
That Plague is blown off  
To the Northern Crowns:

*Then*

110 *The TRIUMPHS*

*Then welfare the Court,  
And our Parliament-Men,  
Our Patrons at the Helm,  
Who are now, or have been,  
Whilst th' Sword, Law and Clergy,  
Take Glasses in Hand,  
A Health to our King,  
To our Church and Land.*

My Muse of the Gentry  
Now chants out her Lay,  
A Touch of the City-Wits  
Too by the Way;  
She shews in a comical  
Method unus'd,  
How three Generations  
Have both produc'd;  
*Oh! London, &c.*

The Citizen he  
For his Son buys up Lands,  
The Fop grows extravagant,  
Drinks, whores and spends,  
'Till dwindling at last,  
The Estate is decay'd,

And



And his sneaking Heir  
 Forc'd to take a Trade;  
*Then welfare the Court, &c.*

Tho' brisk City-Dames too  
 The Courtier oft gets,  
 The Wittals still wriggate  
 Into their Estates,  
 Whose Offspring degrade  
 From the Gentleman's Stem,  
 Whilst t'others turn Courtiers,  
 And cuckold them:  
*Oh! London, &c.*

Since Difference so little  
 Then lies on Record,  
 'Twixt those of the Apron,  
 And those of the Sword,  
 Let's canvass their Humours  
 From great to the small,  
 We sprung from old *Adam*,  
 The Gardener, all;  
*Then welfare the Court, &c.*

Great Noblemen, Commoners,  
 Lawyers, and Priests,

Yoc

And

# 112 *The TRIUMPHS*

You daily may find

In the Court of Requests,  
All buzzing about

In that great Hive of Bees,  
With different Intentions

To laden their Thighs:  
*But welfare the Court, &c.*

What News is the Quæry,  
What Factions oppose,  
What Places are vacant,  
And when the King goes:  
How far he has Power

In the Grants of his Land,  
And if they may take  
Without Reprimand;  
*Then welfare the Court, &c.*

But now, as 'tis Reason,  
Let's cry up each House,  
For Justice late done

A great Peer and his Spouse,  
The D—— from the Bar

A brisk Bachelors gone,  
And she's a pure Virgin

For all Sir John:  
*Then welfare the Court, &c.*

The

The City's disturb'd too,  
 And Anger does rouse,  
 About an Elopement  
 Of one from her Spouse;  
 Wives are cry'd down,  
 And what happens thereon,  
 You'll certainly hear  
 In the next *Post-Man*.  
*Then welfare the Court, &c.*

And now we're in *London*  
 Let's pass this Affair,  
 And praise the good Prætor  
 Now sits in the Chair;  
 Tho' stubborn Opinions  
 Late pester'd the Hall,  
 Our Orthodox Party  
 Now graces *St. Paul*:  
*Ob! London, &c.*

Not so was \* *Sir Numps*,  
 Whom I owe an old Score,  
 For basely affronting me  
 Once at his Door;

---

\* *Sir H. E.*

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The Poet was routed  
Because of his Pen,  
For fear he should lampoon  
His Tribe within:  
*Ob! London, &c.*

The Chandlers he mawl'd,  
And the Bakers he stript,  
Damn'd Rogues he conniv'd at,  
The Beggars he whipt;  
The Meeting fill'd, and  
By Law made it out,  
But the honest old Custard-  
Cap fac'd about:  
*Ob! London, &c.*

But now we all hope  
We shall see a glad Day,  
When *Church* and *Dissenters*  
In Union obey;  
The City's well Ruler  
His Time well employs,  
In a Work that would make  
All the Land rejoyce:  
*Ob! London, &c.*

Our

Our Sheriff had late  
 In his Scutcheon a Blot,  
 By some who imagin'd  
 His Purse was too fat;  
 The Scale was just turn'd up  
 By one honest Peer,  
 The Poor else had lost  
 A good Friend this Year:  
*Then welfare the Court, &c.*

His Colleague too, who  
 Is oft given to treat  
 His Countrymen, *Britons*,  
 With Wine and good Meat,  
 Had late an odd Compliment,  
 Scarce for his Ease,  
 For touching the Province  
 Of Leeks and Cheese;  
*But welfare the Court, &c.*

The next let us give  
 The Exchange a dry Bob,  
 Where Fools manage Bargains  
 By way of Stock-jobb,  
 When all their whole Profit  
 At last they will find,

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They may put in their Eyes,  
And yet ne'er be blind:

*Ob! London, &c.*

The Companies who  
So much Buffle have made,  
Which has the best Right  
In *East-India* to trade,

The one, a Success  
That they ever might boast,  
The baiting the Tyger  
Most wisely lost;

*Ob! London, &c.*

The t'other who jocundly  
Laugh'd at that Sport,  
Were lately too baulk'd  
Of their Fancy at Court;

The King who for Union  
Had set down his Rules,  
In short bid 'em quarrel  
No more like Fools:

*Then welfare the Court, &c.*

And here I think proper  
To finish my Shew,

For



For now methinks *Pegasus*  
 Gallops but slow;  
 Be loyal and wise,  
 And like Friends all agree,  
 Your Heirs are \* safe  
 By your Fleet at Sea;  
*Then welfare the Court,*  
*And our Parliament-Men,*  
*Our Patrons at the Helm,*  
*Who are now, or have been,*  
*Let th' Sword, Law and Clergy,*  
*Take Glasses in Hand,*  
*A Health to our King,*  
*To our Church and Land.*

---

S O N G LXXXIII.

I F Sorrow the Tyrant invade thy Breast,  
 Haul out the foul Fiend by the Lug,  
 Let nought of to morrow disturb thy Rest,  
 But dash out his Brains with a Mug.  
 If Business unluckily goes not well,  
 Let the fond Fools their Affections hug,  
 To shew our Allegiance, we'll go to the *Bell*,  
 And banish Despair in a Mug.

---

\* *Bishop of Salisb.*

For

If

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If thy Wife proves not one of the best,  
But admits no time but to think,  
Or the Weight of thy Forehead bow down  
thy Crest,

Divert the dull *Dæmon* with Drink:  
If Miss proves peevish and will not gee,  
Ne'er pine at the wanton Pug,  
But find out a fairer, a kinder than she,  
And banish Despair in a Mug.

If dear Affignation be crost,  
And Miltress go home in a Rage,  
Let not thy poor Heart like a Ship be tost,  
But with a brisk Brimmer engage:  
What if the fine Fop and the Mask fall out,  
And the one hug, and t'other tug,  
While they pish and fie, we will frolick in Stout,  
And banish all Care in a Mug.

If toying young *Damon* by *Sylvia's* Charms,  
At length should look pale and perplexed be,  
To cure the Distemper and ease those Harms,  
Go strait to the *Globe*, and ask Number Three.  
There Beauties like *Venus* thou canst not lack,  
Be kind to them, they will sweetly hug;  
There's Choice of the fairest, the brown or the  
black,

Then banish Despair in a Mug.

Let

Let then no Misfortune e'er make thee dull,  
 But drink away Care in a Jug,  
 Then let not thy Tide steal away, but pull,  
 Carouse away tho' in a Mug: [Doom,  
 While others for Greatness and Fortune's  
 While they for their Ambition tug;  
 We'll sit close and snug in a Sea-coal Room,  
 And banish Despair in a Mug.

Let Zealots o'er Coffee new Plots devise,  
 And lace with fresh Treason the Pagan Drug:  
 Whilst our loyal Blood flows, our Veins shall  
 shine,  
 Like our Faces inspir'd with a Mug:  
 Let Sectaries dream of Alarms,  
 And Fools still for new Changes tug,  
 While fam'd for our Loyalty we'll stand to our  
 Arms,  
 And drink the King's Health in a Mug.

Come then to the Queen let the next advance,  
 And all loyal Lads of true *English* Race,  
 Who hate the stum Poison of *Spain* and *France*,  
 Or to *Bourdeaux* or *Burgundy* do give Place  
 The Flask and the Bottle breeds Ach and Gout,  
 Whilst we all the Season lie snug;  
 Neither *Spaniard* nor *Flemming* can vie with our  
 Stout,  
 And shall submit to the Mug.

SONG

## SONG LXXXIV.

**P**Rattles  
And Tattles  
O'er Bottles,  
Shall still cherish my Fancy,  
Better  
And sweeter,  
And greater  
Than dull Tea with *Nancy*.  
She has forbid me Wine,  
Or else she'll not marry,  
But were she all divine,  
A Maid she should tarry;  
Flouts, and Lowers, and Frowns,  
Cross Wives thus e'ery Day mingle,  
Wine that Care confounds  
We share that are single.

*Harry*  
And *Jerry*  
The merry,  
Are both Boys of good Mettle,  
Sprightly  
And tightly,  
And Nightly,  
The whole Nation we settle.

*Nancy*

Nancy ne'er hurts my Brain,  
 No withing, nor hoping,  
 Tho' she now thinks to reign,  
 And hinder my Topping,  
 Says, whene'er I ask,  
 A Sot will never be civil,  
 Boy, bring t'other Flask,  
 And let her go to the Devil.

---

S O N G LXXXV.

NOW my Freedom's regain'd,  
 And by *Bacchus* I swear,  
 All whining dull Whimsies  
 Of Love I'll cashire:  
 The Charms more engaging  
 In Bumpers of Wine,  
 Then let *Chloe* be damn'd,  
 But let this be divine:  
 Whilst Youth warms thy Veins, Boy,  
 Embrace thy full Glasses,  
 Damn *Cupid* and all his  
 Poor profelite Affes;  
 Let this be thy Rule, *Tom*,  
 To square out thy Life,

Nancy

R

And

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And when old, in a Friend, thou'lt  
Live free from all Strife,  
Only envy'd by him that  
Is plagu'd with a Wife.

---

S O N G LXXXVI.

*The First Strain.*

**J**OY to Great *Cæsar*,  
Long Life, Love and Pleasure;  
'Tis a Health that divine is,  
Fill the Bowl high as mine is:  
Let none fear a Fever,  
But take it off thus Boys;  
Let the King live for ever,  
'Tis no matter for us, Boys.

*The Second Strain.*

Try all the Loyal,  
Defy all,  
Give Denial;  
Sure none thinks his Glass too big here,  
Nor any *Prig* here,  
Or sneaking *Whig* here,  
Of Cripple *Tony's* Crew,  
That now looks blue,

His



His Heart akes too,  
The *Tap* won't do  
His Zeal so true,  
And Projects new,  
Ill Fate does now pursue.

*The Third Strain.*

Let *Tories* guard the King,  
Let *Whigs* in Halts swing;  
Let *Pilk* and *Shute* be sham'd,  
Let bugg'ring *Oats* be damn'd:  
Let cheating *Play'r* be nick'd,  
The turn-coat Scribe be kick'd;  
Let rebel City Dons,  
Ne'er beget their Sons:  
Let ev'ry *Wiggish* Peer  
That rapes a Lady fair,  
And leaves his only Dear,  
The Sheets to gnaw and tear,  
Be punish'd out of Hand,  
And forc'd to pawn his Land  
T' attone the grand Affair.

*The Fourth Strain.*

Great *Charles*, like *Jehovah*,  
Spares those would un-king him;

His

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And warms, with his Graces,  
 The Vipers that sting him :  
 Till crown'd with just Anger,  
 The Rebel he seizes ;  
 Thus Heaven can thunder,  
 Whenever it pleases.

*Jigg.*

Then to the *Duke* fill, fill up the Glass,  
 The Son of our *Martyr*, belov'd of the King ;  
 Envy'd and lov'd,  
 Yet blest from above,  
 Secur'd by an Angel safe under his Wing.

*The Sixth Strain.*

Faction and Folly,  
 And State Melancholly,  
 With *Tony* in *Whigland* for ever shall dwell ;  
 Let Wit, Wine and Beauty,  
 Then teach us our Duty,  
 For none e'er can love, or be wise and rebel.



S O N G

S O N G LXXXVII.

COME bring us Wine in Plenty,  
 We've Money enough to spend;  
 I hate to see the Pots empty,  
 A Man cannot drink to's Friend:  
 Then Drawer bring up more Wine,  
 And merrily let it pass;  
 We'll drink till our Faces do shine,  
 He that won't may look like an Ass;  
 And we'll tell him so to his Face,  
 If he offers to baulk his Glass,  
 For we defy  
 All such dull Society.

'Tis drinking makes us merry,  
 And Mirth diverts all Care;  
 A Song of *Hey down derry*,  
 Is better than heavy Air:  
 Make ready quickly, my Boys,  
 And fill up your Glasses higher;  
 For we'll present with Huzza's,  
 And merrily all give Fire;  
 Since Drinking's our Desire,  
 And Friendship we admire,  
 For here we'll stay,  
 Ne'er call, Drawer, what's to pay.

S O N G

## SONG LXXXVIII.

**Y**OU the glorious Sons of Honour,  
That each Hour your Fame advance;  
Pray take Notice in what manner,  
*Lewis* prizes it in *France*:  
In the *Reswick* Charte remember,  
He great *William* lawful names;  
But, grown doating, last *September*,  
Loudly sounds up another *James*:  
Routs our Trade too,  
And wou'd no doubt invade too,  
Could he turn the *Oglia* into *Seine*;  
Which our Boys in *Italy*  
All resolve shall never be,  
Drink we then a flowing Glass to Prince *Eugene*.  
Like the Peasant in the Fable,  
As we read in times of old,  
Rated from the Satyrs Table,  
For his blowing hot and cold:  
From his own and ev'ry Nation,  
*Monsieur* should be rated so:  
Who on every vile Occasion,  
With all sorts of Winds can blow:  
Sign a Peace too,  
And break it with as much Ease too,

Take

Take an Oath now, and strait deny't again;  
 But that this and all that's past,  
 May come home to him at last,  
 Prosper may the conquering Arms of Prince  
*Eugene.*

With despotick Resolution,  
 He from Subjects Gold can tear;  
 Praise be to our Constitution,  
 We have no such Doings here:  
 Government in blest Condition,  
 When to just Law 'tis confin'd;  
 But tyrannick Disposition,  
 Ne'er yet agreed with the *English* kind;  
 Whilst *Carero*,  
 Combin'd with Gallick *Nero*;  
*Anjou's* Crown then unjustly would maintain.  
 And th' imperial Claim controul;  
 Chearing still each Heart and Soul,  
 Let us see the Glafs go round to Prince *Eugene.*

---

S O N G LXXXIX.

LET's consecrate a mighty Bowl,  
 On this our solemn Meeting,  
 To recreate those Female-Hearts,  
 That sometime since were weeping:

The

Take

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The Lady's Pangs are now no more,  
 All Grief is banish'd from her ;  
 The lusty Boy has made his Way,  
 And nothing now can wrong her.

*Chorus by all the Gossips.*

*O mighty Power of active Love,  
 How bravely hast thou wrought !  
 From something done,  
 There's something come,  
 While many toil for nought.*

Then dish about the Mother's Health,  
 The Lad's shall soon come after ;  
 Nor shall the Father be forgot,  
 In Hopes the next— a Daughter :  
 Go on brave Pair, obey Command,  
 And multiply together ;  
 May Strength increase,  
 And Wealth ne'er cease,  
 Nor may you part for ever.

*Chorus by all the Gossips.*

*O mighty Power of active Love, &c.*

S O N G



S O N G X C.

TOBY SWILL

Has ne'er his fill,  
Tho' he drinks from Night to Day;  
But soon as e'er  
The Reck'ning's clear,  
Then TOBY sneaks away.

TOBY laughs,  
And puns and quaffs,  
Until a Bill is call'd;  
That strikes him dumb,  
He's then hum drum,  
And all his Mirth is pall'd.

Pay but his Shot,  
'Tis all forgot,  
And he again is gay;  
He'll stand the Rub  
Of a whole Club  
To drink and not to pay.



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S O N G XCI.

**M**ONSIEUR now disgorges fast  
 The Towns were lately won;  
 Cloudy Days clear up at last,  
 The Cruel is off the Sun:  
*British* Heroes prove they can  
 Their former Credit raise;  
 Conqu'ring now for glorious *Anne*,  
 As in great *Henry's* Days:  
*Marlbrough* and renown'd *Eugene*,  
 Inspir'd by our auspicious Queen:  
 The *Empire* late did save,  
 To *Savoy* Freedom gave,  
 Which makes old *Bourbon* rave,  
 That meant it to enslave,  
 'Twill punish him with Death,  
 Beyond the Grave.

Great *Augusta* \* fill thy Baggs,      \* *London*.  
 And revel in thy Furrs;  
 Since with Conquest glorious Flaggs  
 Free happy Trade concurs:  
*Italy* and *Flanders* now  
 Ope' wide their Gates to Peace;  
*Spain* and th' *Indies* soon must bow,  
 And Wealth from all Increase.

Jars

Jars no more shall plague the Town,  
 The *Kirk* no more pull Steeples down;  
 Then cease all needless Fear  
 Or Doubts, the coming Year,  
 And brimming Bowls prepare,  
 For all true Hearts to share,  
 A joyful Health to him that fills the Chair.

---

S O N G X C I I.

**B**ACCHUS must now his Pow'r resign,  
 I am the only God of Wine:  
 It is not fit the Wretch should be  
 In Competition set with me,  
 Who can drink ten times more than he.  
 Make a new World, ye Pow'rs divine!  
 Stock'd with nothing else but Wine:  
 Let Wine its only Produce be,  
 Let Wine be Earth, and Air, and Sea,  
 And let that wine be—A L L for me!  
 Let other Mortals vainly wear  
 A tedious Life in anxious Care;  
 Let the ambitious toil and think!  
 Let States and Empires swim or sink,  
 My sole Ambition is to DRINK.

S O N G X C I I I.

*First Toper.*

**P**RAY pull the Ribbon, Sir.

*Second Toper rings and calls.*

———Here, Drawer! [*Enter Drawer.*

———Gentlemen, d'ye call?

*Third Toper.*

We've rang this half Hour, bring more Wine,  
D'ye mean to parch us all?

*Drawer.*

Why, Gentlemen, the Wine you seal'd  
Is drank out ev'ry Flask.

*Fourth Toper.*

Then down into the Cellar, Boys!  
And there let's broach a Cask;  
Thou to each Mouth shalt pierce a Hole,  
While we kneel down and suck;  
Oh! what a Comfort there will be!  
Of gluck, gluck, gluck, gluck, gluck.

*Scene changes to a Wine-Cellar, where they all  
make a low Reverence to a Hogshhead of Claret.*

*First Toper.*

Lovely Wet-Nurse! Dear Foster Mother  
Of the tippling Race!  
The Goodness of thy Milk is seen  
In ev'ry ruby Face.

*Second*

*Second Toper.*

How many sad and mournful Hearts

    Hast thou reviv'd and chear'd?

How many glorious, precious, Babes,

    Dear Nursy! hast thou rear'd?

*Third Toper.*

'Tis time she had a little Ease, poor Soul!

    She is too full;

The Draughts come in, see how she swells!

    Come pull away, Boys, pull.

*[They all kneel down and suck.]*

*Fourth Toper.*

O glorious Milk! how sweet! how pure!

    Let Sneakers take their Flask,

I'll never touch a Bottle more,

    While I can suck a Cask.

C H O R U S.

*O glorious Milk! how sweet! how pure!*

*Let Sneakers take their Flask,*

*I'll never touch a Bottle more,*

*While I can suck a Cask.*





## SONG XCIV.

**O**NE Holiday, last Summer,  
 From Four to Seven, by *Croydon's* Chimes,  
 Three Lasses, toping Rummers,  
 Were set a prating of the Times;  
 A Wife, call'd *Joan* of the Mill,  
 A Maid, they call'd, bonny brown *Nell*;  
 A Widow, mine Hostess, *Gillian* of *Croydon*,  
*Gillian* of *Croydon*, *Gillian*, young *Gillian*,  
 jolly *Gillian* of *Croydon*,  
 Take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*,  
 A Health to our Master *WILL*.

Ah! *Joan*, cry'd the Maiden,  
 This *Peace* will bring in mill'd Money Store,  
 We now shan't miss of Trading,  
 And Sweet-hearts will come on thick, ye W—  
 No more will they fight and kill,  
 But with us good Liquor will swill:  
 These will be rare Times, cry'd *Gillian* of  
*Croydon*, *Gillian* of *Croydon*, *Gillian*, young  
*Gillian*, jolly *Gillian* of *Croydon*,  
 Take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*,  
 A Health to our Master *WILL*.

We've



We've now right Understanding,  
*Hans, Dick and Monsieur* shake Hands i'th' Street,  
 Dragoons we are disbanding;  
 Adzooks, then, *Nelly*, let's watch our Sheets:  
 For a *Red-coat*, you know, that has Will,  
 Can plunder and pilfer with Skill.  
 I'll look to my Smocks, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon*,  
*Gillian of Croydon, Gillian*, brisk *Gillian*,  
 merry *Gillian of Croydon*,  
 Take off your Glafs, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon*.  
 A Health to our Master *WILL*.

*Nell* fat with her Arms a-kembo,  
 Cry'd, News from Sea not so well does come,  
 For want of a Captain *Benbow*,  
 The Chink and *Pont*, are safe got home:  
 Tho' he could not help that Ill,  
 The Fault lies in some-body still:  
 Would that Rogue were hang'd, cry'd *Gillian*  
 of *Croydon, Gillian of Croydon, Gillian*,  
 brisk *Gillian*, loyal *Gillian of Croydon*,  
 Take off your Glafs, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon*.  
 A Health to our Master *WILL*.

Strange Lords will now come over,  
 And all our Bells shall ring for Joy;

The

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*The Czar of Muscovy*

Who is, they say, near ten Foot high :

I'll see him, whate'er tides the Mill.

Would our Lads were like him, says *Nell*.

Great Pity they a'n't, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon*,

*Gillian of Croydon*, *Gillian*, young *Gillian*

brisk *Gillian of Croydon*,

Take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon*,

A Health to our Master *WILL*.

Strange News the *Jacks* of the City,

Have got, said *Joan*, but we mind not Tales ;

That our Queen thro' wonderful Pity,

Will give her Crown to the Prince of *W*—

That Peace may the stronger be still,

And that they may no longer rebel :

Pish, pish, 'tis a Jest, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon*,

*Gillian of Croydon*, *Gillian*, bold *Gillian*,

witty *Gillian of Croydon*,

Take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon*,

A Health to our Master *WILL*.

So long top'd these Lasses,

Till Tables, Chairs, and Stools went round ;

Strong Wine, and thumping Glasses,

Had their Hearts and Senses drown'd.

Then

of BACCHUS. 137

Then home to her Grannum reel'd *Nell*,  
And *Joan* no more Brimmers cou'd fill;  
And off from her Chair dropt *Gillian* of *Croydon*,  
*Gillian* of *Croydon*, *Gillian*, plump *Gillian*,  
tipsy *Gillian* of *Croydon*,  
Here's the last Drop, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*,  
A Bumper to Master *WILL*.

---

S O N G XCV.

T H E N fill up each Glas  
With powerful *Nantz*;  
'Twill brighten each Face,  
And Pleasure enhance:  
No *Rum* or *Champaign*,  
Like *Nantz* can impart  
Such Wit to the Brain,  
Or Joy to the Heart.

---

S O N G XCVI.

V U L C A N, contrive me such a Cup,  
As *Nestor* us'd of old;  
Shew all thy Skill to trim it up,  
Damask it round with Gold.

Then

T

Make

138 *The TRIUMPHS*

Make it so large, that fill'd with Sack  
Up to the swelling Brim,  
Vast Toasts on the delicious Lake,  
Like Ships at Sea may swim.

Engrave not Battle on its Cheek,  
With War I've nought to do;  
I'm none of those that took *Maastricht*,  
Nor *Tarmouth* Leaguer knew.

Let it no Names of Planets tell,  
Fixt Stars or Constellations;  
For I am no Sir *Sydraphel*,  
Nor none of his Relations:

But carve thereon a spreading Vine,  
Then add two lovely Boys;  
Their Limbs in am'rous Folds intwine,  
The Type of future Joys.

*Cupid* and *Bacchus* my Saints are,  
May Drink and Love still reign,  
With Wine I wash away my Cares,  
And then to Love again.



SONG

S O N G XCVII.

HOW blest are Beggars Lasses,  
 Who never toil for Treasure;  
 We know no Care but how to share  
 Each Day's successive Pleasure:  
 Drink away, let's be gay,  
 Beggars still with Blifs abound;  
 Mirth and Joy ne'er can cloy,  
 Whilst the sparkling Glass goes round.

A Fig for gawdy Fashions,  
 No Want of Clothes oppresses;  
 We live at ease with Rags and Fleas;  
 We value not our Dresses.  
 Drink away, &c.

We scorn all Ladies Washes,  
 With which they spoil each Feature;  
 No Patch or Paint our Beauties taint,  
 We live in simple Nature.  
 Drink away, &c.

No Cholick, Spleen, or Vapours,  
 At Morn or Ev'ning tease us;  
 We drink not Tea, or Ratifie,  
 When sick, a Dram can ease us.  
 Drink away, &c.



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What Ladies act in private,  
By Nature's soft Compliance;  
We think no Crime, when in our Prime,  
To kiss without a License.

Drink away, &c.

We know no Shame or Scandal,  
The Beggars Laws befriend us

We all agree in Liberty,  
And Poverty defends us,

Drink away, &c.

Like jolly Beggar-Wenches,  
Thus, thus we drown all Sorrow,  
We live to Day, and ne'er delay  
Our Pleasure 'till to morrow.

Drink away, let's be gay,  
Beggars still with Bliss abound;  
Mirth and Joy ne'er can cloy,  
Whilst the sparkling Glass goes round.

S O N G XCVIII.

'TIS Wine that creates  
And solves our Debates,  
It makes us both captive and free; both, &c.  
No Bus'ness can pass,  
Without a dear Glass,  
For Wine can make all Things agree. For, &c.

S O N G



## S O N G X C I X.

**L** E T none be uncivil, but let a Health pass,  
 Here's a cleanly Monteth to cool e'ry Glas,  
 This, this is that Claret on which we are fixt,  
 Of this e'ry Glas is a Whet to the next;  
 Here's all that good rightly petition'd can send,  
 Here's a harmless new Jest, and a trusty old  
     Friend,  
 About with it, dear Soul, there *Jo* has his Dose;  
 Here's a Health, a Health to his good Repose.

---

## S O N G C.

**I** F *Phillis* denies me Relief,  
 If she's angry, I'll seek it in Wine:  
 Tho' she laughs at my amorous Grief,  
     At my Mirth why should she repine?  
 The sparkling Champaign shall remove  
     All the Griefs my dull Soul has in Store;  
 My Reason I lost when I lov'd,  
     By drinking what can I do more?  
 Would *Phillis* but pity my Pain,  
     Or my am'rous Vows wou'd approve,  
 The Juice of the Grape I'd disdain,  
     And be drunk with nothing but Love.

S O N G

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S O N G C I.

**L**OVE, the Sweets of Love,  
 Are the Joys I most admire,  
 Kind and active Fire  
 Of a fierce Desire,  
 Indulge my Soul, compleat my Bliss:  
 But th' affected Coldness  
 Of *Celia* damps my Boldness;  
 I must bow,  
 Protest and Vow,  
 And swear aloud,  
 I wou'd be proud,  
 When she with equal Ardour longs to kifs.

Bring a Bowl, then bring a jolly Bowl,  
 I'll quench fond Love within it,  
 With flowing Cups I'll raise my Soul,  
 And here's to the happy Minute;  
 For flusht with brisk Wine,  
 When she's panting and warm;  
 And Nature, unguarded, lets loose her Mind,  
 In the amorous Moment the Gipsie I'll find,  
 Oblige her, and take her by Storm.

S O N G

S O N G CII.

I F Wine be a Cordial,  
 Why does it torment?  
 If a Poison oh! tell me  
 Whence comes my Content?  
 Since I drink it with Pleasure,  
 Why should I complain?  
 Or repent ev'ry Morn,  
 When I know 'tis in vain.

Yet so charming the Glass is,  
 So deep is the Quart,  
 That at once it both drowns  
 And enlivens my Heart:  
 I take it off briskly,  
 And when it is down,  
 By my jolly Complexion  
 I make my Joy known.

But oh! how I'm blest  
 When so strong it does prove,  
 By it's sovereign Heat  
 To expel that of Love:

When

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When in quenching the Old,  
I create a New Flame,  
And am wrapt in such Pleasures  
That still want a Name.

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S O N G CIII.

JOLLY Mortals, fill your Glasses,  
Noble Deeds are done by Wine;  
Scorn the Nymph, and all her Graces;  
Who'd for Love or Beauty pine?

Look within the Bowl that's flowing,  
And a Thousand Charms you'll find,  
More than *Phyllis*, tho' just going  
In the Moment to be kind.

*Alexander* hated thinking,  
Drank about at Council-board;  
He subdu'd the World by drinking,  
More than by the conqu'ring Sword;

*A*

F I N I S.



